THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE:

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranfactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverfion interefting to the Man of Pleafure, Enterprize and Spirit,

For NOVEMBER, 1796.

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ORNAMENTED WITH

1. Portraiture of OTHO, belonging to the Earl of Upper-Offory;
2. Reprefentation of the Combat between a HUNTING TIGER and an OLD STAG.

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TO THE READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE Requeſt of *M. B.* reſpecting the *Game of Miſſiſſipi*, ſhall be attended to.

Little B's Obſervations on the *School of Eloquence*, are inadmiſſible. His *Theatrical* Petition ſhall have a place, perhaps, in our Next.

The Verſes of *Philoctenus* are under Conſideration.

In reply to *W. M.* we ſay, it has not as yet been in our power to gratify his wiſhes, by procuring a Drawing of *Mealy*, as a companion to *Waxey*, given in our Magazine ſome time ſince; but if this, or any other of our Correſpondents, can put us in the Poſſeſſion of it, we have no objection to give an Engraving. We thank him for his compliment.

If a Correſpondent under the ludicrous ſignature of *Hairytailyfunnyhole*, has, or can ſuggeſt any Subject as an Embelliſhment, (and will furniſh us with the Drawing,) analogous to the nature of our Publication, we ſhall be willing to bring it forward in an Engraving, provided it has ſufficient merit. His *Lines addreſſed to a Roſe*, is inſerted in the preſent Number.

The Article from a *Windſor* Correſpondent, is inſerted in this Month's Magazine. We ſhall always be happy to receive and attend to his Communications. As alſo thoſe of *E. H.* of Oxford, whoſe Favour we have likewiſe given place to.

THE

Sporting Magazine

For NOVEMBER, 1796.

NEW JOCKEY CLUB.

No. VIII.

The DUKE *of* YORK.

IN an agitated period, like the present, when the oldest establishments have been questioned as to their utility, and an endeavour has been used to try every thing by the standard of a presumed virtue, it must afford no small consolation, to the lovers of the monarchy, to behold the recent conduct of the DUKE of YORK, who unites the humanity and urbanity of his brother, the PRINCE of WALES, with the severest duties of a soldier, and forms a strong hope, that in any moment of supreme difficulty, he would be equal to the complete regulation of our armies, and the chastisement of our foes.

This royal hero has been uniformly a marked favourite with the king and queen, which cannot be surprising to any, who have beheld the symmetry of his person, and know the generous qualities of his mind: in an early part of his youth he went to the continent, to take possession of the *Bishoprick* of *Osnaburgh*, to which elevated state he had been raised, by the nomination of his majesty, who had it in his power, in his state as Elector of Hanover, to fill up the vacancy.

While the DUKE of YORK resided in Germany, he had the good fortune to insure the regard of the late FREDERICK the GREAT, who fondly beheld in the young Briton, those traits of magnanimity and benevolence, without which, no man can be truly honorable: and, as his genius propelled him to warlike pursuits, the good old king took a particular delight in accompanying him to the reviews at Potsdam, and explaining to him, all the evolutions of a battle, for the young Duke

"Had heard of war, and long'd to follow to the field,"
"Where warriors caught renown."

It was during his residence at Berlin, that he formed the attachment with his present amiable Duchess: as *with them* the flame was mutual, their harmony has not been interrupted: they looked, they loved, they duly examined the propensities of each other, and were married; and from such marriages of *thought* and *choice* the happiest consequences flow—the cabinet did not dictate to him to wed a lady whom he had never seen: they did not unremittingly urge him to the prosecution of an engagement, fraught with the

direct issue, upon the failure of an expectation whose object was ideal: they did not commit him to the nation, as a sacrifice, who was compelled to resign his peace in obedience to a duty, which was not interwoven with his wishes, nor analogous to his desires—no, the DUKE of YORK had the privilege, at least, of chusing a wife for himself, and has thereby escaped all those snares, and all that obloquy, which the illiberal part of mankind use, when they would cover their own vices or weaknesses, by the ungenerous reprobation of a neighbour.

The Duke and Duchess of York reside principally at Oatlands, in Surrey, where every thing that is pleasurable seems attendant upon their desires, yet, it should be known that those desires are so thoroughly rational, that they may be wholly gratified, without committing any breach upon the wise and wholesome laws of moderation—the Duchess has established several infantine seminaries in the vicinity, for the instruction of the children of the poor cottagers; and they are so much under her immediate guidance, that she visits them two or three times weekly, to see that the various duties in each department are properly fulfilled—this very elevated lady is so utterly unfashionable, that she rises and goes to bed at plebeian hours, and will not consent to dine at nine o'clock at night—in her moments of relaxation from work or study, she is accustomed to drive herself round the adjacent villages, in a curricle, accompanied with a beautiful Danish dog, and the profound respect which the peasantry have for her is such, that she scarcely holds it necessary to have a domestic in her *suite*, as there is a common wish to do her every possible honor, and wherever she rides, or wherever she walks, she meets the homage of the human heart.

Account of the ROYAL CHACE.

(Continued from page 8.)

SATURDAY, October 29, the King, accompanied by Lords Chesterfield, Cathcart, and General Garth, arrived at the Black Birds at half past ten, when a famous old stag was immediately turned out, and expected to afford but little sport from the circumstance of his going immediately home to Swinley. Those however who knew him *best*, it seems, did not *best know* his disposition; for taking a turn in the inclosures to Holyport, he came to common by the Windmill, and in the first circle the grandees were *non est inventus*, and the hounds were stopped near ten minutes before the cavalcade were brought to view. Giving the hounds a loose, they went off in a most capital stile (the scent laying well) through the inclosures to Binfield church, where another very long and tedious stop took place. From this spot, it should seem the hounds felt indignant at their impeded course, and broke away in proportion to their resentment, when the most desperate racing ensued, and never more than four or five of the fleetest horses lay by the side of the hounds, which passing through the parish of Wokingham, and out to Heath to the back of Luckley, left Hannikins to the right, and nearly made Wick-

Wickham Bushes; headed, however, by Heath Cutters, the deer turned towards Sandhurst, topped Finchampstead Ridges, and into the meadows of Yateley: here stag and hounds were altogether for a mile in view, which he most gallantly broke by covering the most incredible leaps from Yateley to Eversley-lane-end, pointing from Bramshill Park, which waving, he gave a proof of instinctive fortitude and speed, by facing the well-known barren tract of country above Hartford Bridge, the whole of which he crossed, through the center of Midley Warren, the Peat Moors below it, and the immense hills to Hawley Green, Frimley Meadows, and to the right through Cove inclosures and Farnborough Common, in Hampshire, where he was run into, and taken unhurt, after a chace of three hours; the two last of which were as hard running as ever was seen or known in the kingdom. The ground covered was admitted to exceed five and thirty miles. During the greater part of the day, five and six horses only were any where near the hounds, and of those it must be acknowledged (for the honour of the chace) that Lady Lade was invariably one, and close up to the leading horse when the deer was taken.

Tuesday, November 8. The king's hounds turned out at Waltham Common, and enjoyed good running over the commons to Loddon bridge, where the deer took soil, and kept the company (who were gradually getting up) some time in a state of suspense, anxiously fluctuating in opinion between which should prove the right side of the river and the wrong. During this scene of uncertainty, about seven or eight couple of the hounds, with Johnson, and three or four in the secret, clapped suddenly upon him, and running up to him in good stile, without a stop, took him in the parish of Sonning, before the tail gentry, with the tail hounds, could get up; who were, nevertheless, enjoying a pretty chace in imagination, although it was rather in the back ground of the picture.

Saturday, Nov. 12. The famous little deer (Sir Henry Gott) that ran the four hours chace on Easter Thursday, was turned out at New Lodge, before his Majesty, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Cathcart, Col. Manners, his old master, Sir Henry, Sir John and Lady Lade, with a very numerous field, when going off in the most gallant stile, the hounds were almost immediately laid on, but adhering chiefly to the commons, he covered no greater scope of country than Shottisbrook, Waltham, Holyport, Fifield, and Cranbourn Wood; when making repeated heads and short turns, (to the great consolation of the calm aud philosophic followers) he was taken near the Blackbirds, after a run of two hours, in which there was much room for the great gratification of those the speed of whose horses enabled them to enjoy it; affording incontrovertible demonstration, that thorough bred horses only can go with the stag hounds, although every day produces a fresh display of those so admirably calculated to go (at so great a distance) behind them. It will be as readily conceived, that Lady Lade's is of the former description, and it may be in addition candidly credited, that she is the first horsewoman in the kingdom, being constantly one of the only five or six that are invariably with the hounds.

Tuesday

Tuesday Nov. 15.—A deer was turned out before his Majesty, and the usual attendance, at New-Lodge; but notwithstanding every exertion of the huntsman and yeoman prickers, he could not be prevailed on to *break away*, till the hounds being laid on close to the haunches, he afforded an excellent burst of an hour in view; and was taken unhurt, near Sunninghill park.

Sat. Nov. 19, the deer who led such a capital chace on that day three weeks, and taken at Farnborough, in Hampshire, was turned out at New Lodge, and made his first point for the Forest, through Cranbourn woods; but being purposely headed, he took the inclosures, and passing through the whole chain to Holyport, threw out the great body of horsemen, three excepted, who here headed the hounds, and kept them at bay, till the *procession* got up; when giving them *a loose*, they went away with him to the verge of Maidenhead Thicket, where bearing to the left, he passed Sawyer's, Vansitart's park.—White and Lawrence, Waltham, Ruscombe Lake, Twyford, and to the greatest variety of intersected rivulets in the parish of Hurst, without a check, or having been once viewed by any of the company from the moment of being turned out. Here they *threw up*, and notwithstanding the most indefatigable exertions and *four horses* drawing on each side the innumerable rivulets and wide ditches, not a single *hit* or *slot* could be obtained; and he has for once, the immortal honour of *beating* the King's hounds. The chace though only an hour and twenty minutes, was so severe, that, his Majesty with his attendants did not reach the spot 'till more than an hour after the hounds were at fault.—This deer (called Billy) bids fair to rival in *speed* and *bottom* the great celebrity of his predecessors HIGHFLYER and MOONSHINE, who both enjoyed the happiness and the *honour* of *beating* their pursuers, a circumstance that very seldom occurs with his Majesty's hounds.

Monday, November 21, Johnson, Nottage, and Gosden, with three or four couple of the old hounds, drew for the famous deer by whom they were so completely beaten on Saturday, but with no other success than occasional *hits* and *slots*, which induced them to hope and expect they should take and bring him exultingly to Swinley, after a pursuit of some hours; but, in consequence of the thick fog that came on, they were obliged to relinquish the chace, and whip off at the Marquis of Granby, in the turnpike road, near Reading; where Nottage was left with the hounds to avail himself of the earliest intelligence.

Tuesday, November 22, a Swinley deer was turned out near General Hudson's, and afforded a short but sharp run to Englemoor Pond, near Ascot; where the hounds were whipped off, and the deer left to enjoy his liberty with the herd. The excessive wetness of the morning did not prevent his Majesty and Prince Ernest from continuing the chace throughout.

Wednesday, November 2, the subscription pack (late Lord Berkeley's, now Lord Sefton's, Sir H. Gott's, Mr. William's and Co.) commenced their season, at Bisham Coverts, near Mr. Vansittart's; and after an excellent burst, run into their fox, and killed him in a style that promises

(from

(from the present excellent state and condition of the hounds) much good sport for the season. They hunt the surrounding neighbourhood for two months to come. Sportsmen making Maidenhead their centrical point, cannot be disappointed. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays it is expected, will be the regular days of hunting.

Monday Nov. 7. The Berkeley hounds with a conjunctive field of stag and fox hunters amounting to between sixty and seventy horsemen, threw off at Pond Copse, near Wokingham; when, in less than five minutes, they unkenneled an old fox with a single challenge, to which a general burst instantly succeeded. Happy the sportsman who can conceive, much happier he who personally enjoys the brilliant scene that ensued in one of the most beautiful days ever beheld at this season of the year. Not availing himself of the obscurity that presented itself by hanging to a covert of near an hundred acres, he "boldly staked his life upon the hazard of the die," and going away in a state of courageous desperation, seemed to exclaim "fate do thou dispose of me." Affording repeated views through the inclosures, he was unluckily headed and turned by the foot people to the great advantage of his pursuers; amidst these incessant difficulties, he reached the copse at the Golden Ball, which being rallied through, he was again headed and turned out of his course by a horse and cart. Here he took to the right, worked his way through the coverts to Priestwood common, Wickhill inclosures, and was making his way for Shottisbrook, when being again unfortunately headed he had no alternative but to cover his old soil, and took nearly the same circle, till availing himself of a small opening, he broke new ground, and passing through Mr. Walsh's park at Warfield, was, with a degree of unprecedented gallantry, facing the open country, when being coursed by a lurcher, (who lay close at his brush) he was obliged to break view, by returning to a small covert, which (surrounded by horsemen, and filled by the body of the hounds) afforded no chance of further respite, and he was here killed, after a complicated chace of an hour and forty minutes that put the *ten pound ponies* in as good a place as some of the best hunters in England.

The fair and bold riding of Lord Sefton and his friends availed them but little in this their new country upon the score of priority. The forest fences are not to be constantly covered by any horse in existence, the old sportsmen of that neighbourhood will therefore be always enabled to lay best with the hounds from their knowledge of the district. Excellent as the hounds, and liberal as the great body of respectable subscribers are, candour must admit, that this in all probability would not have been *a day of blood* had not the hounds been so repeatedly called from *chace* to *view*, an error in judgment among young sportsmen, that will subside with better experience.

Wednesday, November 9. The Berkeley hounds threw off at Farley Hill, and drew the circular chain of coverts without success: but trying Westwood, at Finchampstead, they unkenneled a sporting old fox, who setting their celebrity at defiance, bid adieu to the local shelter

ſhelter of the Berkſhire coverts, croſſed the open heath, through Bramſhill Park, Hazel Heath, and the Woodlands of Mattingley, where turning to the left for Hartley Row and Butterwood, in Hampſhire, he took his final leave, beating his purſuers conſequently inviting them to pay him another viſit upon the firſt opportunity.

Friday, Nov. 11. The ſame hounds threw off at Holyport, drew Shottiſbrook, the Haze , and that quarter, without a challenge; paſſed through Bear Grove, and unkennelled at Aſſey Hill at half paſt two, and run to earth at Biſham, after an excellent burſt of an hour, without a moment's check.

On Monday November 14, a ſtag belonging to H. Sturt, Eſq. of Clift, Dorſetſhire, was turned out on Woolverton Farm, in the pariſh of Charminſter, which afforded moſt excellent ſport, by taking ſeveral circuitous turns round the fields, and through the different pariſhes of Sydling, Maiden Newton, Chilfrome, and Cattiſtock: where, on his third viſit, he was taken, after a run of near 40 miles.

Thurſday, November 17, Lord Derby turned out a ſtag in Harley Bottom, in the neighbourhood of Croydon, and though an old deer, it was a conſiderable time after being releaſed from the cart, before he would run. After being viewed by two or three couple of young hounds he went off in good ſtile; he was headed, and croſſed the river near Boddington, where the body of the hounds were laid on; after which he took the company into the vicinity of Mitcham, Tooting, &c. one of the ſtrongeſt diſtricts in his Lordſhip's hunt. After a run of about two hours, the deer was taken in the White Lion Inn Yard at Streatham.

Friday Nov. 18.—The Berkeley hounds threw off at Clifden, and continued drawing the coverts of that neighbourhood till two o'clock; when, in a ſtate of deſpondency, and in trying the laſt cover, they found an old fox, which they run into and killed, in a ſtile beyond deſcription, after a chace of an hour and a quarter, during which the excellence of the horſemanſhip, as well as the excellence of the hounds, were diſplayed beyond the power of literary deſcription. LORD SEFTON ſtands admitted by every ſportſman one of the *boldeſt* riders in the kingdom: always takes the lead, whilſt many of HIS FOLLOWERS *feelingly* ſhrink from the admonition of "go thou and do likewiſe."

OTHO.

THE beautiful portraiture of this famous horſe, herewith given, was taken from a very excellent painting by Stubbs, in the poſſeſſion of his owner, the Earl of Upper Oſſory.

Otho was got by Moſes, out of a dam by Old Cade, and was foaled in 1760.

He received forfeits from ſeveral celebrated horſes at Newmarket, and won many matches and ſtakes, beſides the Jockey Club Plate in 1767: the year before, he was matched with Bay Malton for a thouſand guineas, but unfortunately loſt.

In 1777, he had ſubſcribers to cover forty mares, at twenty-five guineas each, at Ampthill Park.

Otho was the ſire of the celebrated Dorimant, an excellent portraiture of whom was given in our Magazine for July laſt.

A TREA-

OTHO

Published Dec.r 1st 1796. by J. Wheble. Warwick Court.

A TREATISE *on* FARRIERY, *with* ANATOMICAL PLATES.

(Continued from page 12.)

NOW and then their way of living may be varied, with the addition of beans, peafe, and tares.

When this fcouring of young horfes is obftinate, and runs into excefs, the fame aftringents may be given as in a common loofenefs; fuch as logwood, diafcordium, and Venice treacle. But here obferve, that Venice treacle is not taken to be an aftringent properly fo called, but only as it tends to fend the humours thro' the fkin by perfpiration, and as, by the quantity of opium it contains, it abates the periftaltic motion of the guts. Therefore fometimes what many authors attribute to weaknefs, may only be the effects of too lively a motion; and this accounts for hot fiery horfes being very liable to this diforder. Sometimes this diforder may proceed from an obftruction of the mouths of the lacteal veffels by flimy matter, and then a fummer's grafs, or the falt marfhes, will remedy this diforder, becaufe grafs commonly occafions a purging at firft, which will carry off the contents of the ftomach and guts, and thoroughly cleanfe them; after which chylification will be performed in a regular manner.

The purging that attends horfes that have been long furfeited, if their appetite remains good, fhould always be left to nature, for in time it will go off gradually, all remains of the difeafe will vanifh, and they will recover their flefh to a wonder. But if they have a bad appetite, the beft way will be, to turn them out to grafs in the day, and to take them home in the evening, unlefs the nights are warm.

When horfes have a great purging after violent difeafes, which impairs their ftrength and wears them away, you may conclude it is owing to fome inward decay, which will admit of no remedy: juft like a colliquative diarrhæa in men in the laft ftage of a confumption, which is always a fign of approaching diffolution. In this cafe, it is of little confequence, whether the feat of this diforder is in the lungs or liver, or any other vifcus, becaufe the nafty ftinking flime which comes away with their dung, is nothing elfe but the matter of an impofthume out of the reach of medicine.

OF THE JAUNDICE, OR YELLOWS.

THE diagnoftic figns of the jaundice are coftivenefs, a dufky yellownefs of the eyes, and all the internal parts of the mouth. This is attended with fluggifhnefs and want of appetite, hard dry dung of a pale yellow, or a light pale green; dark dirty faffron coloured urine, which on the ground looks as red as blood. If he has a fever along with thefe fymptoms, and they continue to increafe, the horfe will foon grow frantic, it being a fign of the inflammation of the liver. When the diftemper is chronic or continues a long while, the horfe will be dull, heavy, and inactive with a furfeited look, and will be often turning fhort and looking to the near fide, with a twifting of his body. The off fide of his belly will feel hard and fomewhat diftended from the fwelling of the liver.

The jaundice is either idiopathic or fymptomatic; the feat of the firft is in the liver, and the fecond may fupervene to fome other difeafe; or it may be critical when a fever is declining, and then the horfe foon recovers his

his appetite, begins to look lively, the fever ceafes, and the yellownefs foon wears off.

The caufe of the idiopathic jaundice is always feated in the liver. This is a noble vifcus, which is fupplied with a great variety of veffels, in order for the fecretion of the faponaceous fluid called the bile. This proceeds from the mafs of the blood and humours, and is carried by a peculiar canal into the fmall gut near the ftomach, for the promoting digeftion. Hence we may eafily conceive that when its courfe is ftopt, either wholly or in part it muft regurgitate into the lymphatic veffels and the blood, and become the proximate and principal caufe of the jaundice; and when the ferum and nutricious juice are by this means mixed with the bile or gall, it is eafy to explain why the parts free of air have a yellow appearance, and that the urine fhould be tinged with a reddifh faffron colour. Hence too the reafon will appear, why the dung is of a pale yellow or green, there being no mixture of the gall with it, and the appetite and the power of digeftion become weak and languid.

This diforder of the biliary duct, may either be from fome obftructing matter, or from a fpafm which conftringes its capacity; and will not give admiffion to the gall. That the jaundice may be owing to fpafms, appears from hence, that fometimes it will come on, and then difappear again in a fhort time, which cannot be owing to any peccant matter obftructing and ftuffing the biliary veffel and ducts, becaufe it foon vanifhes without any vifible reafon. But that which is moft ufual is from the obftruction of the canal by fome matter that plugs it up, and the fofter this is, the milder are the fymptoms which attend it. In men this paffage is often obftructed by ftones bred in this duct, but we have no experience that horfes are fo affected, which may be owing to their having no gall-bladder. Or the jaundice may be occafioned by the obftruction of the fmall ducts, by which the bile is fecreted; for this will occafion the bile to return back into the lymphatic veffels, by which it will be carried into the mafs of blood.

The mediate caufe of the jaundice may be a plethora, or a foulnefs of blood and humours: for this will occafion a more languid circulation of the blood thro' the vena portæ; becaufe in this ftate of the body the blood will become more thick and vifcid, and will more readily ftagnate in the fmall veffels. Therefore, when from this caufe there is a fchirrus, or induration of the liver, the fecretion of the gall will be defective, and the figns of the jaundice will appear. Another mediate caufe will be foul feeding, whereby bad blood will be generated, which will be particularly thick and impure.

With regard to the prognoftics, when the horfe is young and full of blood, the confequence of high feeding, and want of fufficient exercife, the cure will not be difficult. But if it fucceeds hard labour, which has hurt the liver, by an abfcefs or otherwife, the cure will be exceeding difficult. When the liver is fchirrous, which may be concluded by the fwelling of the off-fide of the belly, about the region of the liver, the horfe may linger a great while before it kills him, but he will grow weaker and weaker till he entirely becomes unfit for bufinefs. But if he retains his ftrength and vigour,

without

without ficknefs or lofs of appetite, there will be no danger of recovery by proper means. When a jaundice is attended with an inflammation of the liver, if taken in time, it will give way to medicines.

In the cure, we ought firft of all to examine whether he has a fever, and the degree of it, that we may judge whether the liver be inflamed or not. If it is, we are to begin with bleeding, and repeat it occafionally as long as the fymptoms render it neceffary; and as foon as poffible we muft rub the bliftering ointment into the fide all about the region of the liver. Thefe things alone will remove the inflammation, when they are adminiftered in time. If any thing more is wanting, it muft be laxative clyfters to bring away the fæces, for this difeafe is always attended with coftivenefs.

Some veterinarian writers make coftivenefs one of the caufes of the jaundice, which is certainly always a conftant effect. The coftivenefs may indeed precede the yellownefs of the eyes and mouth; for as foon as ever the obftruction is formed, and the gall is not poured out into the gut as ufual, a coftivenefs will naturally enfue; becaufe as is elfewhere obferved, the gall is a fort of natural purge, and ftimulates the guts to the exclufion of the dung. Therefore as the yellownefs cannot appear till the gall regurgitates into the blood; and this being the confequence of the obftruction, it is no wonder that coftivenefs fhould be the firft fymptoms, though we can conclude nothing from it till the yellownefs of the eyes appear, becaufe it may arife from various other caufes, and yet if we were carefully to attend to the colour of the dung, there is no doubt, but we might perceive the jaundice coming on before any other fymptom of this difeafe is vifible in any other part: for as the gall gives that tincture or colour that is natural to the dung, when that is wanting it muft become pale more or lefs, according to the diet that he feeds upon.

When the fever is gone off, if the jaundice ftill remains from the obftruction of the bilious duct, nothing can be more proper than Spanifh foap to diffolve the vifcid matter which plugs up the canal; when this is joined to a laxative, it may be the more likely to produce a good effect, and therefore it may be prefcribed thus:

Take fuccotrine aloes, rhubarb and Alicant foap, of each half an ounce; of honey enough to make them into a ball, to be taken in the morning fafting.

This may be wafhed down with half a pint of the following decoction:

Take parfley root, madder, turmeric and burdock root, of each two ounces; boil them in three quarts of water to two quarts; ftrain the liquor off, and fweeten it with honey.

At night he fhould have half an ounce of the foap alone, and a pint of the drench, which may be continued for three or four days, and then the ball may be repeated; and fo alternately till the difeafe is conquered. It is the opinion of fome that the ingredients fhould be boiled in fmith's forge water, but this is improper; for if chalybeats are given too foon, they will bring on a fchirrous of the liver, and then the difeafe will be incurable; therefore the forge-water fhould be poftponed till the difeafe is going off. Or inftead of the foap alone, the following ball may be fubftituted, which is more efficacious.

Take cinnabar of antimony and Castile soap, of each half an ounce; of wood lice three drams; of saffron two drams; make them into a ball with a sufficient quantity of honey.

The diuretic salt is an excellent dissolvent in this case, and therefore a quarter of an ounce may be put into either of the balls instead of the soap.

Dr. Bracken, who takes all opportunities to be extremely severe upon others, often lays himself open to ensure, otherwise he would never have affirmed that a stone in the gall-bladder had been the cause of the jaundice; for if he had ever examined the inside of a horse, he might have known that he has no gall-bladder. He soon after affirms, that there is no difference between salt of tartar and salt of wormwood, as Quincy had done before him. But if this had been true, the college would never have given particular directions for the making of salt of wormwood in their dispensatories. Besides Hoffman, and other good chymists declare the contrary from experiments. Nor is he more happy in his prescriptions, for he directs an ounce and a half of rhubarb, an ounce of aloes and two drams of saffron, to be made into a ball, with syrup of buckthorn, for one single dose, for the jaundice that succeed the cholic; not to mention that if ever a horse has such a disease, it will vanish of itself in a few days without any medicines at all.

When the disease is of the mild kind, there will be seldom any occasion to repeat the first ball, for then it will disappear in three or four days. But when it continues obstinate it may probably proceed from a schirrous liver, and the alterative medicines must be continued for some time, and you must assist them with rowelling. Neither will it be amiss to change the cinnabar of antimony for the same quantity of Æthiops mineral; because this last has been found very efficacious in a stubborn jaundice.

Or instead of the alterative ball above-mentioned, the following may be given night and morning, as before:

Take of Alicant soap eight ounces; of Æthiops, mineral six ounces; of wood lice four ounces; of filings of steel three ounces; of saffron half an ounce. Make them into balls of the size of a pullet's egg, with a sufficient quantity of honey.

OF HURTS AND STRAINS IN THE KIDNEYS.

The kidneys of a horse may be overstrained several ways; as by drawing too great a weight, by heavy burdens on the loins, and by not permitting a horse to stale on journeys. This last indeed is not properly a strain, but it has the effects of one, because all the vessels being turgid and overloaded, they must of necessity be too much stretched, and their tone debilitated, which is the case in all strains. The same may happen if a horse is hard worked, when he is full of blood and humours; or he may receive blows on the loins or other hurts, which turning to an inflammation, may draw the kidneys into consent.

When the horse has undergone any of the hurts or hardships abovementioned, which affect the kidneys, it may be discovered by a weakness of the back and loins, by difficulty of staling, by thick and foul urine, sometimes bloody. These symptoms are attended with faintness, deadness of the eyes, and loss of appetite.

(To be continued.)

Critical Review of new DRAMATIC PIECES *lately brought forward at the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden.*

FORTUNE's FOOL.

ON Saturday evening, October 29, a comedy called Fortune's Fool, from the productive pen of Mr. Reynolds, was performed for the firſt time, at Covent-Garden Theatre, and received by a crowded audience with that ſtrong teſtimony of applauſe, vociferous peals of laughter, and loud clapping, which generally attend the progreſs of the firſt repreſentation of this author's comic pieces, juſt as large bodies of electors hail with their thundering ſhouts, the preſence and pretenſions of their favourite candidate, when he once more appears on the huſtings, and again ſolicits a continuance of their approbation.

The principal characters of this comedy are thus perſonified:

Mr. Ap-Hazard,	Mr. Lewis,
Sir Bamberg,	Mr. Quick,
Tom Seymour,	Mr. Fawcett,
Sir Charles Danvers,	Mr. Middleton,
Mr. Orville,	Mr. Macready.
Miſs Union,	Mrs. Mattocks,
Mrs. Seymour,	Miſs Morris,
Lady Danvers,	Miſs Wallis.

This play, like moſt of the recent comic productions of the author of the Dramatiſt, Notoriety, the Rage, and Speculation, is a dramatic daſh at a few of the moſt ſtriking and ſingular eccentricities of the day; a pleaſant doſe of ſatire, ſweetened with a ſtrong infuſion of pointed ridicule and broad humour; in ſhort, a laughable mixture of comedy and farce, but, correctly ſpeaking, neither one nor the other. Ap-Hazard, a character obviouſly written for Lewis, in the Fool of Fortune, the hero of the piece; his plans, projects and propenſities are all marred by chance, in the attempt to put them into execution, as if the demon of diſappointment had preſided at his birth.—Tom Seymour is a freſh water ſailor, who lives on the Thames, and is never at home but when the ſcene of his favourite gratification is frozen over. Sir Bamberg, one of the literati, a commentator, and a black-letter connoiſſeur, has not a modern author in his library, nor any book that was not printed a century ſince. Sir Charles Danvers has loſt his fortune, and depends on his uncle Sir Bamberg; he has made a precipitate marriage, and is juſt returned from undergoing the ceremonies of his new ſtate at Gretna Green. Mr. Orville is a pawn-broker, in practice and principle, who carries on his trade under the more qualified title of a money-lender. Miſs Union is a profeſſed match-maker. Mrs. Seymour, a woman of a tender heart, which is weaned for a time, by a falſe friend, from her daughter; ſhe is, however, ſoon convinced of her error, and then acts from an increaſed impulſe of affection for her child, Lady Danvers, who has been raſh enough to fly to Scotland with Sir Charles, without due conſideration; but manifeſts a mind capable of every amiable, endearing, and generous feeling.

Such are the ſtriking features of the Dramatis Perſonæ, and thoſe who know the comic powers of Mr. Reynolds, will eaſily credit the aſſertion that he has drawn forth their ſeveral humours, paſſions, and foibles, with ſkill and adroitneſs, and ſo blended and contraſted them, and conducted their operations on themſelves and on each other, as to form the whole as diverting a drama

drama as can be desired to dissipate the gloom of the dull month that stands close at the elbow of the present day.

The play opens with a scene between Sir Charles and his lady, the gentleman asleep, and full of *ennui* and indifference, while the lady, who has not yet lost her spirits, rallies him on his dulness, and whimsically describes the effect of marriage on her husband's mind and temper—the ceremony scarcely over, before the animation of his countenance visibly decreases; determined to return to town next day, he sets off full of thought—begins to yawn at Newcastle—at York forgets to hand her from the chaise—at Doncaster is discovered casting a leer at the chambermaid—and all the rest of the road does nothing but quarrel with the post boys, growl at the turnpikes, and complain of the expences of travelling. This is a true comic representation, well imagined, and happily expressed. Much merriment is derived from Ap-Hazard's eccentricity, and the humour of Sir Bamberg, who is an enthusiastic idolater of Chaucer, and his writings, and is practised upon by Miss Union, who attempts to make him believe her forgeries to be originals of Chaucer. This incident, and the burlesque verse produced by Ap-Hazard, as part of a song of Shakespeare, intended for one of the witches in Macbeth, are so obviously meant as a laugh at the last year's imposition of the Shakespeare papers, that it is a pity the ridicule was not directed earlier. Mr. Malone's acute and able vindication of Shakespeare, so effectually exposed the fraud, that the few who were silly enough to give faith to the fallacy, are now ashamed of their credulity, and deny their folly, which, at the least, is some mark of grace.

Fortune's Fool is clearly a play of character, and as such it is a successful composition. At a regular construction of comedy, this author has not been accustomed to aim, and therefore it is scarcely fair to spend much criticism in pointing out defects, where the author, by not taking any of the necessary pains to be perfect in the conduct of his plot, strictly probable in his incidents, or always consistent in the employ of his characters, is liable to some objection. In general, his dialogue is lively and laughable, and sometimes severe; occasionally a touch or two of the serious and pathetic, is introduced with effect: the three first acts are all alive, and full of flashes of wit, happy allusion, and well-pointed ridicule; in the third, the author is rather off his speed, and a departure from the general spirit of the scene is visible; perhaps the reason for it is, there is less of the slap-dash of Ap-Hazard in that act. In the fifth, the author a little recovers himself, and once more claps spurs to his Pegasus. —Upon the whole, if Fortune's Fool is not altogether equal to some other of Mr. Reynolds's comedies, it is a very entertaining play, and merited the approbation it was honoured with.

The characters were well supported: Mr. Lewis of course was the life of the scene; Mr. Fawcett in the Freshwater Sailor, and Mr. Quick in Sir Bamberg, were next entitled to praise. Miss Wallis looked very prettily, and played her first scene with great spirit. The character is not made enough of by the author, for the actress to do much with it afterwards; Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Morris did justice to their parts.

The

The play was decorated with ſome new and beautiful ſcenery—a picturesque repreſentation of the magnificent water-gate and walk at the bottom of Buckingham-ſtreet, including a view of part of the Thames and Weſtminſter-Bridge; a view of Berkley-ſquare, a grand library in the ancient ſtyle, and the inſide of the elegant concert-room at the Opera Houſe, which do their reſpective artiſts, Mr. Richards and Mr. Philips, infinite honour.

The prologue had ſome neat turns in it, poetically expreſſed—it was ſpoken by Mr. Toms, who will be a better orator, when he has acquired the ſkill of delivering verſe with variety.

The epilogue, evidently from the pen of Mr. Andrews, had much of his pleaſantry and point in it, which ſtrengthened by the production of the Lap-Dog, and his protecting *paraſol*, with the alluſions to his wearing a ſpencer and a tippet in winter, and the policy of making ſuch little animals contribute to the ſupport of the ſtate, rendered the whole of it irreſiſtibly laughable. It was given with all the force of caricature, whim and eccentricity of manner, that ſo eminently diſtinguiſh Mrs. Mattocks, when ſhe has a comic perſonifying epilogue to deliver.

What is to Pay? is the queſtion ever on the tongue of Ap-Hazard in the comedy of Fortune's Fool. —"If I knock a man down," ſays he, "what is to pay? If I kiſs another man's wife, what is to pay? If I wiſh for a ſeat in a certain houſe, what is to pay?"

Reynolds, in whoſe ſucceſs as a dramatic writer, the town, as well as his friends, are much intereſted, touches three hundred guineas for this new comedy, and one hundred and twenty for the copy right. If this pleaſant fellow has any creditors, he can now in a lofty tone, aſk them "*What's to pay?*"

OLYMPUS IN AN UPROAR,

An Engliſh Burletta, by O'Keefe, was brought forward at the ſame Theatre on Saturday evening, Nov. 5, with uncommon ſplendor. Much of the Golden Pippin, from which it is taken, is retained, but the additions are very conſiderable. It is unqueſtionably one of the moſt ſuperb exhibitions in point of ſcenery, decorations, and machinery, with which the public has been hitherto gratified. The muſic, both in point of ſelection and original compoſition, cannot be too highly praiſed. Yet with all theſe faſcinations, ſupported by the merits of the performers, there appeared ſome marks of diſapprobation from a part of the audience. This circumſtance may be attributed to the conſtant uſe of recitative which makes no very favourable impreſſion on the majority of thoſe who frequent a Theatre, and to the introduction of the Pagan divinities with whoſe ſtory the generality are little converſant.

The ſpirit of the original burletta is happily preſerved, and if the additions carry the whimſical burleſque a little too far, the ſubject matter affords at leaſt an apology for theſe freedoms. The overture muſt be conſidered as a Chief d'Ouvre of taſte and ſcience. The trumpet and the flute ſolos were admirable, and the muſic of the firſt trio, which was entirely new, was highly applauded. Of the performers, Munden, Townſhend, and Simmons in the parts of Jupiter, Mercury, and Momus, particularly diſtinguiſhed themſelves. The two firſt were encored in their reſpective ſongs,

ſongs, and the latter, who has been always kept in the back ground of this theatre, diſplayed conſiderable talents for the ludicrous. The Venus of Mrs. Mountain was a very pleaſing performance, and Mrs. Addiſon, if we except the ſong of "Puſh about the Jorum," has added to her muſical reputation in the termagant Juno.

Among the Pantomimics, Delpini takes the lead. His imitation of Pariſot and Hilligſberg ſet the houſe in a roar, and the Pas Ruſſe between him and Munden, produced a very whimſical effect. The moſt picturesque ſcenes were thoſe of Mount Ida and the Sea, with a diſtant view of the Iſle of Crete, and the Dragon with Pluto's chariot formed excellent pieces of mechaniſm.

This piece is partly new, and partly taken from the Golden Pippin.—The overture and new muſic by Mr. Reeve.

The ſelections from Pergoleſi, Rouſſeau, Mornington, Dr. Fiſher, Carolan, Rizzio, &c. &c. with new ſcenery, machinery, dreſſes, and decorations.—Jupiter, Mr. Munden; Mercury, Mr. Townſend; Momus, Mr. Simmons; and Paris, Mr. Incledon.—Juno, Mrs. Addiſon; Pallas, Mrs. Clendining; Erynnis, Mr. D'Elpini, Iris, Mrs. Caſtelle; and Venus, Mrs. Mountain. A deſcription of part of the ſcenery, machinery, &c.

Act I. The palace, garden, and canal of Tyndarus. The introduction of Leda and the Swan. Leda, Mademoiſelle St. Amand. The Heſperian Dragon ſpouting fire, purſuing Erynnis to recover the Golden Pippin. A celeſtial palace, with a magnificent temple, and the Peacock of Juno in tranſparency.

Act II. A plain in Phœnicia, in which Jupiter deſcends from the Heavens on an Eagle and Momus on a Gooſe.—A proceſſion to a ſacrifice. Jupiter, in the form of a Bull, bearing Europa—attended by a train of prieſts, virgins, nymphs, ſhepherds, &c. The ſea, with a diſtant view of the Iſle of Crete.—Jupiter bearing Europa acroſs the ſea.

A view of Mount Ida, the Decree of Paris, and the aſcent and deſcent of the Deities.—Vulcan, Apollo, Mars, Hercules, Bacchus, Pan, Ceres, Diana, Cybele, Flora, Pomona, Proſerpine, Hebe, &c.—Mercury deſcends on a cloud, and Iris on a rainbow—Pluto riſes from the Infernal Regions in a chariot drawn by Dragons—Neptune in a watery car, borne by Sea Horſes—and Jupiter deſcends in a cloud, attended by Hebe and Ganymede. The piece concludes with the reaſcent of Jupiter, attended by flying Cupids.—The Scenery by Meſſrs. Phillips, Blackmore and Hollogan.

THE CHARITY BOY.

The muſical entertainment of the Charity Boy, written by Mr. Croſs, the author of the Purſe, was repreſented for the firſt time at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, on Saturday evening November 5. Since we have ſo frequently witneſſed the deficiency of plot in many of our moſt favourite modern comedies, we did not ſeriouſly expect to find this complaint remedied in the Charity Boy, and we were not diſappointed. Benevolence is the ground work of the piece, but it is ſo clouded by a motley combination of ludicrous incidents that the avenue to the heart is too often obſcured.

The *Charity Boy*, ſetting out on the plan of riſing in the world by

by acting according to the general idea of self-interest, is, in consequence of his natural feelings, ever at variance with that idea. The other principal characters are a Village Lawyer, more attentive to add to his bill of costs than to the comforts of his fellow-creatures; a tippling Irish servant, and a female emigrant with a black attendant. There is much contrast in the parts, but little novelty in their formation, and what is to the full as objectionable, they are brought into play without that relative connexion to each other which should interest an audience.

The lawyer is not unlike *Endless* in *No Song, no Supper*, and the Irishman bears a strong resemblance to *Skipwell* in *Tit for Tat*. The dialogue is as good as that of other *bagatelles* of the same kind, and the songs are well written. That given by Master Welch was uncommonly pleasing, and received what it was entitled to, a general *encore*.

Bannister played the *Charity Boy* in a natural manner, and the Irishman of *Denman*, though not sufficiently mellow was not destitute of merit. Miss Leake gave the only song she had with taste, and Miss Decamp's French Lady deserves particular mention. The part allotted to little Bland is of too trifling a nature.

The overture, composed by Mr. Reeve, was highly applauded, and the rest of the music is light and pleasing without any distinctive traits of originality.

The *Charity Boy* made an unsuccessful appeal to the benevolence of the audience.

THE CONSPIRACY.

On Tuesday, November 15, a new tragedy, under the above title, was also brought forward at this theatre, written by Mr. Jephson, author of the Count of Narbonne, &c. the characters of which were thus represented:

Titus,	Mr. Palmer.
Sextus,	Mr. Kemble.
Annius,	Mr. Barrymore.
Publius,	Mr. C. Kemble.
Lentullus,	Mr. Caulfield.
Cornelia,	Mrs. Powell.
Vitellia,	Mrs. Siddons.

The scene, which is entirely Romish, is laid so far back as the time of Titus. Vitellia, disappointed in love by the Emperor, who prefers Cornelia, the sister of Sextus, to her, determines upon revenge, and, by her promise to Sextus, contrives to make him the instrument of her resentment, by engaging him not only to create a conspiracy against his Majesty, but also to take his life. In the first instance he succeeds; but, in the confusion which arises in the city from the conspiracy, he mistakes another person for the Emperor, whom he murders. About this time his Majesty, with a goodness that marks the whole of his proceeding, finding that Cornelia is engaged to Annius, declines his intention of marrying her, and sends for Vitellia, to make her his bride. Very soon after the Emperor's pleasure is communicated to her, Sextus returns with a bloody dagger, and, on informing her that it is the blood of Titus with which it is stained, she becomes outrageous, and, contrary to his expectations, severely reprobates the cruel deed. Sextus is now deeply struck with horror at the recollection of his conduct, and is about to put an end to his own existence, when Annius enters, and, snatching the dagger from his hand, informs him that his friend, the Emperor, (who has no suspicion of his guilt,) wishes to see him. For some time Sextus thinks this only a deception; but being at length convinced

convinced, by the repeated assurances of Annius, that his Majesty is living and well, he thanks the gods for the preservation of the life of so amiable a sovereign, and confesses the whole business to Annius, by whose entreaties he is prevailed upon to attend the summons of the Emperor. Cornelia about this time presents herself to Titus, informs him of the nature of the conspiracy, and shews him one of the ribbands worn by the conspirators on their shoulders, in order that he may be guarded against them. Annius, who has given his outer garment to Sextus, in consequence of his own being stained with blood, to enable him to appear before the Emperor without suspicion, enters the presence of Titus before the arrival of Sextus, wearing his garment, which bears the distinguishing ornament of the conspirators. The Emperor is struck with astonishment at the idea of Annius being in the number of his enemies, and Cornelia, under the same impression, refuses to give her hand to him. Annius, accused of treason, is about to be carried off to justice, when Sextus appears, declares his own guilt, and the innocence of his friend, and is on the point of suffering, in obedience to the sentence of the law, when the Emperor consents to pardon him; but displaying many symptoms of regret and disappointment at his Majesty's mercy, he is ordered to be banished the Imperial territories. Vitellia now enters, and in a rage confesses that she has been the author of the dark plot, explains her motive, and declares that she only is guilty. Titus, on hearing her explanation, and finding the primitive cause of the conspiracy to have been love, forgives all parties, and the scene is, to all appearance, about to have a happy termination, when Vitellia becomes convulsed, with a draught of poison which she has privately administered to herself, and dies; and Sextus, snatching a dagger from the side of Publius, stabs himself and expires.

We have been thus particular in our description of the business of this piece, because a very considerable degree of interest pervades the whole, and because we consider it as a production very well calculated to retain a permanent situation on the stage. It is superior to most of the modern plays, and many of its scenes would not suffer by a comparison with those of some of our best established tragedies. Throughout the whole, the interest is well preserved, and the incidents, although they occasionally crowd upon the scene in a manner that borders upon improbability and abruptness, are in general striking, and often affecting. To devise plots and situations which have no affinity to those of any other author, would, indeed, be a difficult task; hence, therefore, we are not surprised at recognising, in the characters of Vitellia and Sextus, features very strongly resembling those of Hermione and Pyrrhus. The scene between Annius and Cornelia, in the fifth act, is too long, and there are others which, perhaps, the discrimination of the author may induce him to amend; in which case, we think he will have nothing to dread from any *Conspiracy* that may be formed against his interest on the present occasion, for the rational and liberal part of mankind will not fail to support his cause.

The language is classical, neat, and elegant, and sometimes forcible, nervous, and impressiv,

although,

although, in the blank verse, some prosaic lines occasionally meet our ear; it is, however, but justice to say, that instances of this nature are very few indeed.

The piece went off with universal and much deserved applause; and was given out for a second representation without a dissenting voice.

The Prologue and Epilogue have but little to recommend them; more particularly the latter, which is very indifferent.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BY inserting this, you may give some satisfaction to your many readers.

A few days ago, as the hounds of Mr. Caius Briggs, were hunting at Brocust near Windsor, up started a large red deer, supposed to have broke from some adjoining park: they coursed him for near three hours, when he broke into the house of Miss Bearblock, a sister to Mr. Caius Briggs; he ran into the brewhouse, and after turning over many barrels and other utensils, was taken in the garden, belonging to the above lady.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

Windsor, Nov. 12, 1796.

TAPLIN'S MULTUM *in* PARVO, *or* SPORTSMANS EQESTRIAN MONITOR.

Wheble. 2s.

AS this pamphlet will fall into most hands, we shall not advert to, or make any extracts from the more scientific parts of it, but content ourselves with giving the author's ideas of the practice and duty of grooms and coachmen.

"Grooms and coachmen," says he, "are the persons to whose management the horses of gentlemen are instantly resigned upon purchase, and upon whose consistency of conduct the health, as well as the state of condition entirely depends.

It shall not be denied (even by those who from the cynical rigidity of their disposit ions, are most inclined to cavil) but they are men who from the very arduous task they stand engaged in, the variegated nature of their servitude, and the property entrusted to their care, lay claim and are entitled to (their *steadiness*, *fidelity*, *sobriety*, and *honesty* once established) all the equitable pecuniary compensation and personal kindness their employers can possibly bestow.

Deprived of free agency by their situation, and doomed to eat the bread of *dependance*, they live and act solely upon *compulsion*; they receive injunctions only to *obey*, and are not permitted the privilege of either remonstrance or expostulation. Tacitly submissive, they encounter the *severity* of the elements at *all hours* and in *all seasons*, and what should more influence the reflecting mind in their favour is, that when the inclemency of the weather compels the rich and opulent to take shelter under the *roof* of hospitality, they must bear the "*pelting* of the *pitiless* storm" unprotected; and when a satiety of pleasure drives the *reluctant* frame of their superiors to the downy pillow of nocturnal relief, their task as yet is "but *half* performed," and not unfrequently 'till the broad sun serves only to remind them of a speedy renewal of their daily labour.

Thus much is impartially introduced, to demonstrate their utility

utility in the ſcale of ſociety, as well as to bring home to the reflection of the *illiberal* and *penurious*, palpable conviction how highly they ſtand entitled (upon many particular occaſions and diſtreſſing emergencies) to *their* ſalutary tenderneſs and kind conſideration.

It ſhould always be held in remembrance by ſuperiors, that the ſervices are *reciprocal*, and that in ſtrict truth and candour the obligation is no greater on *one ſide* than the *other*. Gratitude and affection is much more likely (in a good ſoil) to be excited by *kindneſs* than *ſeverity*, and inſtances are very rare of a ſervant's fidelity and attachment having been either obtained or preſerved by the unjuſt *rigidity* of the maſter.

Having found it neceſſary to obtrude what is not only the unſullied effuſion of my *own feelings*, but the invariable efforts of my *own practice*, I feel it equally applicable to go with the ſame freedom into a minute analization of what is conceived the indiſpenſible and perſevering *duty* of the deſcription of ſervants now under inveſtigation.

However highly I may rate their *qualifications*, however greatly I may eſtimate their *ſervices*, however largely I may applaud their *ſteadineſs* and *punctuality*, or however I may feel diſpoſed to extol their diſtinct and ſeparate excellence as *perfect* coachmen or *complete* grooms, I inſtantly loſe ſight of all their previous and accumulated merits, when, *ſhoemaker* like, "they go beyond the *laſt*, and with a confidence almoſt *profeſſionally* peculiar, *affect* a knowledge of what is impoſſible they ſhould underſtand. Reaſon taking the alarm "*ſtarts* and ſtands *aghaſt*," when either lays down the implements of his practice to demonſtrate his *unerring ſuperiority* in the art of farriery, his *ſublime* diſſertation upon the animal œconomy, or his *inexplicable* diſquiſition upon the *extent* and *property* of *medicine*.

This *affectation* of medical knowledge is ſo very prevalent with the *ſtabularian gentlemen* of whom we now treat, that they abſolutely ſupport it with a greater degree of irritable tenacity, than they would a vindication of thoſe beſt friends, their honeſty and ſobriety; it appearing upon many occaſions a doubtful point whether they would not almoſt relinquiſh any ſtrong claim to either of the latter, provided they were permitted to reſt unaſſailed in the *imaginary* poſſeſſion of the former.

Perfectly aware of the clamorous and vindictive reſentment ſo candid an aſſertion has to encounter, I nevertheleſs ſtand too firmly fixed in my opinion,—an opinion founded upon the baſis of attentive obſervation, and confirmed by experience,—that there are more horſes *deſtroyed* by the infatuation of *illiterate quackery*, and more *lamed* by rough uſage and ſhort turns in the ſtable, than by any other means whatever.

To ſtem the prevailing torrent of this iniquitous and dangerous "practice of phyſic" with *ſervants*, and to inculcate by perſonal injunction an invariable degree of mildneſs in the ſtables, ſhould be the firſt principle and perſevering determination of every gentleman who wiſhes or expects to ſee his *ſtud* in *good ſtile* and his ſervants in a ſtate of conſiſtent uniformity.

The advice here interpoſed has no farther intent than to ſhield the owners of valuable horſes from a load of mental diſquietude, by recommending it to them to

exert

exert every means they poſſeſs to prevent (if poſſible,) any medicine or *noſtrum* whatever from being given to any horſe in their poſſeſſion, without *their* acquieſcence is previouſly obtained.

It may be readily conceived by every reader of rationality, that the ſymptoms of diſeaſe, the ſtate of the body, the languor or velocity of the circulation, and the ſtate of the blood itſelf, muſt require a greater degree of ſcientific or profeſſional inveſtigation, than the people we treat of poſſeſs the power of going into; from which alone may be inferred, the ſole reaſon why they ſo often miſcarry in their experiments, and ſo frequently render that a matter of permanent difficulty, which, *properly treated*, would have proved no more than a mere temporary inconvenience.

It is no leſs worthy remark, that their affectation of unlimited *penetration* and *preſcience*—*profoundneſs* of *thought*—ſuperficial and ridiculous diſplay of inexplicable jargon, in fact, the "infinite deal of nothing" they *profeſs*, tends only to convince in how narrow a ſcale all the *pre-eminence* of their medical ability is comprized—bleeding—roweling—"a *piſſing* ball"—a cordial *drink*—and a profuſion of *nitre* internally, or a plentiful baſting of the oils of *Amber*, *Wormwood*, and *Turpentine* externally, conſtitute the whole of their materia medica, and the *ne plus ultra* of their practice. As they adminiſter without a well founded *reaſon*, it creates no ſurprize they fail for want of *effect*; equally ſtrangers to the origin and progreſs of diſeaſe, as to the property of medicine, it is no uncandid or unkind obſervation to make, that *their* "poſt of honour is a private ſtation," and it ſhould henceforth become much more their *duty* to prevent, than their paſſion to *cure* diſeaſes.

They ſhould have it ſtrongly imprinted upon memory, and never loſe ſight of the reflection, that by a ſlight or even momentary deviation from the line of rectitude, in *error*—*inattention*—*inadvertence*, or *neglect*, injuries may be ſuſtained that neither *months* or *money* can repair. Their minds ſhould be always alive to the intereſt of their employers; they ſhould in all ſeaſons (but much more particularly in the colder months) have it in perpetual recollection, that colds are ſooner *caught* than *cured*; that ſwelled legs and cracked heels are eaſier *obtained* than *obliterated*; that lameneſs, (whether by accident or indiſcretion) is eaſier *got* than *gotten rid of*; and that *bad eyes* are much more frequently the unlucky effect of a *malicious* or *careleſs blow*, than any ill effect of "humours" to which they are upon *all* occaſions ſo induſtriouſly attributed.

Colds and coughs are ſuddenly acquired, and by means at the time but little thought of, 'till the event firſt prompts and then reproaches retroſpection. A horſe in fine condition, ſtanding in a warm and comfortable ſtable when at home, is always liable to the inconvenience abroad; accidentally expoſed to a *long*—*wet*—and *dirty* journey, or chaſe in unfavourable weather, he inſures it *to a certainty* without the greateſt care and unremitting attention.

A horſe after *either* ſhould never be left *one minute* without the precaution of ſubſtantial wiſping ſo long as a *wet* or *damp* hair is to be found about him. He ſhould never be permitted to ſtand ſtill in rain, *even with the*

hounds,

hounds, so great is the danger of collapsing the porous system and throwing the perspirative matter upon the circulation, thereby constituting a *sizey viscidity* of the blood, with all its dangerous contingencies.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The JUSTICE *and* GROOM.

A recent Anecdote communicated by a Correspondent.

A CITY justice well known in Bow-street, on a visit lately at a near relations, not an hundred miles from Eton, having ordered his groom to come in to wait at table; the lad obstinately refused, at the same time throwing out hints "that masters liked to make servants work, better than paying them:" whereat the justice was so exceedingly offended, that, snatching up a horsewhip, he began to be-labour the lad's legs most unmercifully, which was immediately returned with interest, when a most ludicrous affray ensued to the no small amusement of the gaping multitude. But at last, after many exertions of skill and dexterity on both sides, the justice was obliged to take to his heels, and leave the knight of the whip triumphant.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Instances of REMARKABLE TENURES *of* LAND *in* ENGLAND.

Setene or Seaton—County of Kent.

BERTRAM de Criol, held the manor of Setene in Kent, of the king by serjeantry, viz. to provide one man called *Veltrarius*, a Vaulter to lead three *greyhounds* when the King should go into Gascogny, so long as a *pair of shoes of fourteen pence price* should last.

Boyton—Essex.

William de Reynes formerly held two carucales of land in the parish of Finchingfield, by the serjeantry of keeping for the king five *wolf-dogs*. And the dean and chapter of London now hold the land.

Wingfield—Suffolk.

Geoffrey Frumband held sixty acres of land in Wingfield, in the county of Suffolk, by the service of paying to our lord the king two *white doves* yearly.

Cukeney—Nottinghamshire.

Henry Fauconberg held the manor of Cukeney, by serjeantry, to shoe the king's horse when he came to Mansfield.

Mansfield—Ditto.

Sir Rob. Plumpton held an estate at Mansfield, called *wolf hunt*, and by the service of *winding a horn*, and frighting away the wolves in the forest of Sherwood.

Sibertoste—Northamptonshire.

Which manor Nicholas de Archer, in the time of Edward I. held by the service of carrying the King's bow through all the forests in England.

Laxton—Ditto.

Wherein were lands held by the service of hunting in all the king's forests and parks throughout Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Huntingdonshire and this county, to destroy the vermin in each.

Heightesley—Ditto.

Was also held upon condition to find *dogs* for the destruction of wolves, foxes, &c.

Ovenhelle—Kent.

Sir Osbert de Longchamp held certain land which is called Ovenhelle

helle, by the service of following our lord the king with his army into Wales forty days at his own cost, with a *horse* of the price of five shillings, a *sack* of the price of sixpence, with a *needle* to the same *sack*.

Lowe—Oxon.

Robert de Eylesford holds three yard lands (60 acres) in Lewe, in the county of Oxford, by the service of finding a *man* with a *bow* and *arrows* for forty days whensoever it should happen that the king went into Wales with his army.

Brimeston—Chester.

The manor of Brimeston in the county of Chester, is held of the king in *capite*, by the service of finding a man in the army of our lord the king going into the parts of Scotland *barefoot*, cloathed with a *shirt* and *breeches*, having in one hand a *bow without a string*, and in the other, an *arrow unfeathered*.

Loton—Devon.

William de Albemarle holds the manor of Loston, by the serjeantry of finding for our lord the king, two *arrows* and one *loaf* of *oat bread*, when he should hunt in the forest of Dartmore.

Brokenerst—Hants.

• Peter Spileman paid a fine to the king, for the lands which the said Peter held by serjeantry, of finding an esquire, with a *hambergelt* or *coat of mail*, for forty days in England, and of finding *litter* for the *king's bed*, and *hay* for the king's *palfrey*, when the king should lie at Brokenerst in the county of Southampton.

Bockhampton—Berks.

William Hoppeshort held half a yard land (10 acres) in that town, of our lord the king, by the service of keeping for the king six *damsels* at the cost of the king. —— This was called pimp tenure.

INFORMATION *in the* COURT *of* KING'S BENCH, *Nov.* 9, *against a* JUSTICE *of the* PEACE, *on the* GAME LAWS.

MR. MANLEY moved for a rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not be filed against John Darke, Esq. a magistrate for Worcester.

The motion was grounded on the affidavit of William Aston and others, and was to this effect—That Mr. Aston, who is a farmer of above 100l. a year, in the county of Worcester, on the 5th of April last, discharged a female servant from his house. From a principle of revenge, she laid an information against him, and on the 14th following, he received a summons from Mr. Darke, to appear before him, to answer a charge for having wired a hare. Mr. Aston did not attend the summons, and on the 18th was taken up and carried before Mr. Darke. The servant swore, that on the 25th of March, Mr. Aston brought home a hare in a wire, between the hours of seven and eight in the evening, which was dressed the next day. Mr. Aston desired time to answer the charge; after some hesitation he got leave to produce his witnesses. When he appeared with his witnesses, Mr. Darke refused to hear them, but sent his clerk out to hear what they had to say; after which, though the witness would have sworn that no such transaction had taken place on the day mentioned in the information, Mr. Aston having been in their company at the time, and although they would have proved, that the servant was not then at home, but at a distant place, yet Mr. Darke refused to hear them, or even to take bail, but insisted on his paying the penalty.——Rule granted.

A Col-

A Collection of approved Recipes, (prescribed in our Treatise on Farriery), for the cure of diseased Horses.

(Continued from Page 41)

For the poll evil.

TAKE half an ounce of verdigrease; half a pint of oil; fourteen ounces of oil of turpentine; and two of oil of vitriol; apply it scalding hot, first cleansing the abscess with vinegar.

For the mallenders.

Take of red precipitate an ounce; of vitriol two ounces; of Egyptiacum three ounces; mix them together, and make an ointment; and after clipping off the hair, roll on the size of a nutmeg.

A good ointment to cleanse wounds and heal them, and to keep down proud flesh. It is also good for cracked heels, when they grow dry, and the scabs make the horse uneasy by their heat before they fall off.

Take the apostles green ointment. and apply it to the heels, till the cracks are healed, and the scabs are quite gone.

Balls to carry off the remainder of the humours, if the legs swell after physic.

Take common antimony, flour of brimstone, diapente, of each a pound: moisten this with a sufficient quantity of honey, and cold drawn linseed oil, just enough to make the powders roll. Give a ball of this every morning, for five or six days. If this way don't do, rowel him.

A liniment for a sprain in the back sinews.

Take oil of turpentine and the best spirit of wine, of each an ounce and a half; of oil of spike an ounce; of caput mortuum, of vitriol an ounce; of dragon's blood two drams; of oil of origanum a dram and a half: mix them well together, and rub some into the part.

An ointment for a shoulder sprain.

Take nerve oil and hog's lard, of each a quarter of a pound: two spoonfuls of tar; three quarters of an ounce of sublimate mercury, finely powdered; ten cantharides powdered. Put the nerve oil and hog's lard into an earthen pan over the fire till they are just boiling; then add the mercury and flies, and let them just boil; and then take the mixture off the fire, and stir it till it is quite cold.

How to use it.

Take the bigness of a walnut and rub it well into the part with your hand; let the horse stand three days without stirring. The more it swells the better, if the horse walks well after three or four days rest; then rub his shoulder with train oil, stroking down the hair with your hand. If the horse is not cured with the first dressing, at three days end use it again.

A blistering charge.

Take black pitch and rosin, of each two ounces; Venice turpentine, mastic, euphorbium, and cantharides in powder, of each an ounce. Incorporate these properly, but mix the last when almost cold; then add two drams of aqua fortis very gently, and you may add one ounce of dragon's blood.

A common but useful ball for horses that have flying humours.

Take common antimony, flour of brimstone, annifeeds, and liquorice of each four ounces, all in fine powder, and made into balls with four ounces of honey; of oil of annifeeds four drams: of linseed oil cold drawn a sufficient quantity to make them into balls.

The

The apostles ointment.

Take turpentine, rosin, yellow wax, gum ammoniac, of each one ounce; the roots of long birthwort, olibanum, and bedellium, of each six drams; myrrh and gelbanum, of each half an ounce; opoponax and verdigrease, of each two drams; litharge nine drams; of oil of olives two pounds; of vinegar as much as is sufficient to dissolve the gums, and make the whole into an ointment. This is an excellent oil to cleanse foul sores, and is much used for wounds, cuts, and cracked heels. It is likewise the best ointment to dip rowels in.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DRAMATIC EXTRACTS.

All's up with Dashall,

From THE WAY TO GET MARRIED. A COMEDY.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. LETTERS, sir, from London. [*Exit.*

Dash. Now for it! this makes me a bankrupt, or a good man. *(Reads)* "Dear Dashall, all's up"—As I thought.—"Transfer swears if you don't settle your bear account in a week, he'll blackboard you"—pleasant enough! "Affectionate inquiries are making after you at Lloyd's; and to crown all, hops were so lively last market, that there is already a loss of thousands upon that scheme—Nothing can save you but the ready.—Yours, TIM TICK."

"N. B. Green peas were yesterday sold at Leadenhall-market at nine-pence a peck; so your bet of three thousand pounds on that event is lost." So! lurch'd every way—stocks, insurance, hops, hazard, and green peas, all over the left shoulder; and then, like a flat, I must get pigeon'd at faro by ladies of quality; for the swagger of saying "The duchess and I were curst jolly last night;" but confusion to despair! I'm no flincher.—If I can but humbug old Allspice out of a few thousands, and marry his daughter, I shall cut a gay figure, and make a splash yet.

DASHALL *introduced by Lady* SORREL *to Mr.* CAUSTIC—*trading in style—discounts—sweetworts—jolification—faro—duchesses, &c.*

Lady Sor. Cousin, this is Mr. Dashall, one of the first men in the city,—sees the first company, lives in the first style——

Caust. This a merchant of the city of London?

Dash. Curse the quiz! I'll throw off a little——Perhaps you've not been in town lately.

Caust. No, sir.

Dash. Oh, the old school—quite gone by—I remember, my old gig of a father wore a velvet night-cap in his counting house—what a vile bore, ha! ha!

Caust. And pray, sir, what may you wear in your compting house?

Dash. Strike me moral, if I've seen it these three months. If you wish to trade in style, and make a *splash*, you must fancy Cheapside Newmarket, and Lloyd's and the Alley faro tables; for Demoivre has as completely ousted Cocker's Arithmetic, with us, as Hoyle has the Complete Housewife with our wives, egad——talk of Brooks's or Newmarket; chicken hazard to the game we play at Lloyd's—monopoly's the word now, old boy; hops, corn, sugar, furs—at all in the ring.

Caust. Amazing! sir, your capital must be astonishing to be—at all in the ring *(mimicking.)*

Dash. Capital! an old bugbear—never thought of now—no, paper,—discount does it.

Caust. Paper!

Dash. Aye; suppose I owe a tradesman, my taylor for instance, two thousand pounds.

Caust. A merchant owe his taylor two thousand pounds; mercy on us!

Dash. I give him my note for double the sum, he discounts it—I touch half in the ready——note comes due—double the sum again—touch half again, and so on to the tune of fifty thousand pounds. If monopolies answer, make all straight—if not, smash—into the Gazette. Brother merchants say "damn'd fine fellow——lived in style—only traded beyond his capital—So, certificate's signed—ruin a hundred or two reptiles of retailers, and so begin the war again.—That's the way to make a splash—devilish neat, isn't it?

Caust. Pretty well.

Dash. How you stare! you *don't* know *nothing* of life old boy.

Caust. Vulgar scoundrel!

Dash. We are the boys in the city. Why there's Sweetwort, the brewer,—don't you know Sweetwort? dines an hour later than any duke in the kingdom—imports his own turtle——dresses turbot by a stop-watch—has house lamb fed on cream, and pigs on pine apples—gave a jolification t'other day—Stokehole in the brewhouse—asked a dozen peers—all glad to come—can't live as we do. Who make the splash in Hyde-Park? who fill the pit at the opera? who inhabit the squares in the west? why, the knowing ones from the east to be sure.

Caust. Not the wise ones from the east, I'm sure.

Dash. Who support the fashionable faro tables? oh, how the duchesses chuckle and rub their hands, when they see one of us!

Caust. Duchesses keep gaming tables?

Dash. To be sure! how the devil should they live? such a blow-up the other night! you were there, Lady Sorrel!

Lady Sor. I at a faro table!

Caust. No, no.

Dash. *(aside)* Upon my honour I beg pardon—you see, sir, the duchess was dealing, and Mrs. Swagger was punting, "Oh oh!" cries Mrs. Swagger, "That was very neatly done"——"What do you mean" says the duchess—"Only, madam, I saw you slip a card"——"dam'me" says the duchess—

Caust. Says the duke.

Dash. Says the duchess.

Caust. No, no! "dam'me," says the duke.

Dash. Psha! the duchess, I tell you. It is her way.

Caust. Her way! O Lud!

Dash. Where was I? oh,—"dam'me," says the duchess, "but you turn out of my house"—"and curse me," cries little Miss Swagger, (a sweet amiable little creature of about fourteen) "if we stay here to be swindled."—Words got high, and oaths flew about like roleaus; but as they had plucked me of the last feather, I got up, and, in imitation of my betters, twang'd off a few dam'mes, and retired.

Caust. The world's at an end—all is sophisticated!—nothing bears even its right name—whoredom is gallantry; swindling running out; female debauchery, a *faux pas*. The murdering duellist has a nice sense of honour; the cuckold maker is a dear delicious devil, and the cuckold the best humoured creature in the world.

Dash. Well said, old one—you've some *nous* about you.

Caust. Foul-tongued blockhead?

Tang. *(without)* Tell counsellor Endless I'll be in court presently.

Caust. I think I know that voice.

Lady Sor. *(tenderly)* So do I. *(aside)*

(*aside*)—'Tis your darling nephew, your adopted Tangent—I saw him come out of a chaise with two barristers.

Caust. Psha! barristers! you forget he's in the army.

Lady Sor. May'nt I trust my eyes?

Caust. Why at fifty-nine, cousin, eyes are not always to be trusted. Pray, Mr. Dashall, do you know this nephew of mine.

Dash. Oh yes; but he associates with authors and wits, quite out of our set—we in the city don't vote them gentlemen—you'll never find *no* wit at my table, I'll take care of that—But you expect company, and so I'll be off to my friend Allspice's——By the way, I hear his daughter will touch to the tune of thirty thousand pounds.

Caust. Very likely: but I don't know any good it will do her.

Dash. Not do good! I beg pardon. Riches gives wit,—elegance.

Caust. Do they? I'm sorry you're so poor.

Dash. Eh! what! oh neat enough; and what do you say riches give, queer one!

Caust. Generally, vulgar impertinence.

Dash. I congratulate you on being so rich, ha, ha! rat me! but at last I've said a good one.——Lady Sorrel, your devoted.—Good bye, queer one; What a superlative gig it is!

(*Another extract from this Comedy in our next.*)

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

PROBABLY for want of a correspondent at this place, many sporting articles escape notice in your very valuable and entertaining Miscellany; if you think the following worthy of insertion, when any thing in the same, or any other sporting way occur, may depend on hearing from your constant subscriber,

E. H.

Oxford, Nov. 12.

On the 10th of last month, a young man of the name of Weller, undertook for a wager of three guineas to run one mile on the Banbury road, in four minutes, which he performed two seconds within the time; and on the 2d of this month, a young man a relation of the above Weller, undertook for a wager of ten guineas, to run from Oxford to Woodstock, a distance of near eight miles, in fifty five minutes, which he performed with ease in eight minutes within the time.

N. B. The above two young men and another of the same name, say they will run any three men in England, provided they are each allowed to choose the length of ground.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

HISTORY *of the* ORIGIN *of the word* TONTINE.

THE word *tontine* is only a cant word derived from the name of an Italian projector. This was Laurence Tonti, a creature of Cardinal Mazarine; who finding the people extremely out of humour with his eminency's administration, imagined he could reconcile them by proposing a plan whereby they might make themselves rich without any great trouble or pains. His scheme was a lottery of annuities with survivorship which he proposed in 1663, with the consent of the court, but the parliament would not register the edict. Three years after he tried his project again for building a stone

a ſtone bridge over the Seine, when it had both the favour of the court, and the ſanction of parliament, under the title of the Banque-Royale, but it failed again, for nobody in Paris would truſt their money in a lottery that had an Italian title. The laſt attempt Tonti made was to get his plan adopted by the clergy for the payment of their debts: but though they acknowledged the ingenuity of it, they rejected it as unfit for their purpoſe.

When Lewis XIV. was diſtreſſed by the league of Augſburgh, and granted money beyond what the revenues of the kingdom would furniſh for ſupplying his enormous expences, he had recourſe to the plans of Tonti, and by an edict in 1689, created a tontine royale of 1,400,000 livres annual rent, divided into fourteen claſſes. The actions were for 300 livres a piece, and the proprietors were to receive ten per cent. with the benefit of ſurvivorſhip in every claſs. This ſcheme was executed but very imperfectly, for none of the claſſes roſe to above 25,000 livres inſtead of 200,000, according to the original inſtitution, though the annuities were regularly paid. A few years after the people ſeeming in better humour for projects of this kind, another tontine was erected upon nearly the ſame terms, but this was never above half full. They both ſubſiſted in the year 1726, when the French king united the thirteenth claſs of the firſt tontine, with the fourteenth of the ſecond; all the actions of which were poſſeſſed by Charlotte Bonnemay, widow of a ſurgeon of Paris, who died at the age of ninety-ſix. This gentlewoman had ventured 300 livres in each tontine, and in the laſt year of her life, ſhe had for her annuity 73,500 livres, or about 3,600l. a year, for about 30l.

THE FEAST OF WIT;
OR
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

IT is ſaid that the privileges of the *Gretna Green* parſon are to become the ſubject of parliamentary conſideration. Should a bill paſs to diſentangle the *iron* net in which this pious *Vulcan* hammers his amorous ſuitors together, it may be entitled, "An Act for the better preſervation of the *Female* Game in England."

It is remarked of a noted *gambler*, lately deceaſed, that in his *ſhuffling* probation here, he experienced many *rubs*, and had learnt the art of *dealing* to himſelf or his partner, all the *trumps* in the pack; yet what may appear a paradox, he never ſhowed an *honour*. *Death*, however, in *cutting* with him for the *odd trick*, *turned up the knave*.

Dr. Johnſon, giving an account of his tour to the Hebrides, was telling, that when he gave a ſhilling to a Scotch peaſant for ſhewing him the road, he lifted up his eyes with as much gratitude and amazement as if it had been a thouſand pounds. This ſtory being retorted upon Boſwell, who was the only Scotchman in company, by an Iriſh gentleman preſent, the Doctor immediately replied, "Why, to be ſure, Sir, the Scotchman was much ſurpriſed at the magnitude of the donation; but then he knew it was a ſhilling, but had it been one of your countrymen, (turning to the Iriſh gentleman) he in all probability would have rejected it with diſdain, as *not knowing the current coin of the country.*"

During the ſiege of Ypres, a ſhell fell on a ſoldier of the ſecond bat-

talion of La Coireze, which cut the straps of his knapsack, and broke a pot of butter that he had placed above his necessaries. This volunteer, who was a native of Limousin, was not at all affected by the danger, but, looking eagerly at the fragments, cried in his provincial dialect, "Ah, God! my poor pot of butter! what shall I do now to make my soup!"

ANECDOTE.

A country schoolmaster who acted also as barber to his village, being in dispute with the parish clerk on a point of grammar,—"'Tis downright barbarism," said the clerk. "*Barberism!*" replied the pedagogue; "do you mean to insult me? A barber speaks as good English as a parish clerk, any day."

A nobleman with an *Irish* title has taken off a young lady from her friends in the west end of England, whose parents encouraged his addresses to their daughter, which they conceived were perfectly honourable. The lady has since written to her friends, that there is nothing *Irish about him* but his *title*.

A Cockney at the London Coffee house was boasting lately of the valour of the city soldiers, and wished fervently that the French would land, that Englishmen may cut them up in *rump stakes!* An *Irish* gentleman setting in the next box observed, "probably, if it really were the case, young gentleman, you would be the *first* in the *rere!*

Mrs. C—— once called on Dr. Johnson, for several copies of his first edition of Shakespeare, and took a Mr. M——, a particular acquaintance of the Doctor, who wished above all things to be introduced to the author, and that she would wave all ceremony, and pay him the first visit. Johnson being apprised of this, consented, and a morning was appointed for the rendezvous. The parties accordingly arrived at Johnson's chambers, in Gray's-inn, about one o'clock; when, after thundering at the outer door for near a quarter of an hour, Mr. M—— at last peeped through the key hole, and observed Johnson just issuing from his bed, in his shirt, without a night-cap (which by the bye he never wore); the *pot de chambre* in one hand, and the key in the other. In this situation he unlocked the door, when, spying a lady, he gravely turned round, "begged she would walk into another room, and he would have the pleasure of waiting on her immediately."

As soon as ever Mrs. C.—— had recovered her surprise, she observed to Mr. M——, "What a fortunate thing it was for her, that Johnson's milliner had not cheated him of his linen as much *before* as she had *behind*."

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.

The following is a literal copy of a note received at the register office, in Chester:—

"Wanted, a woman servant that understands all works of necessity; she must be honest and indefatigably diligent, one who can rub and scour, no tittle tattle, but must frown on her neighbours, a good simtruss, religious, no going out on Sunday, wash and get up linen, to read good books, no Welch, about thirty years of age, good looking, robust, broad-set, understands a little cookery, a lover of church, good humoured, no waster of coals and soap, and must not take snuff.

"Any person possessed of these qualifications, will meet with an ex-

extraordinary good place; and, if approved of, will be allowed the tea-pot after it comes from my table—she must find herself sugar.

"N. B. I keep a very good house for meat, but providing we shall fall short of meat in the middle of the week, we make it out with penny mutton pies.——There is no scant nor want."

ANECDOTE.

About half a century ago, when it was more the fashion to drink ale at Oxford than it is at present, a humourous fellow, of punning memory, established an alehouse near the pound, and wrote over the door, *Ale sold by the Pound.* As his ale was as good as his jokes, the Oxonians resorted to his house in great numbers, and sometimes staid there beyond the college hours. This was made a matter of complaint to the vice chancellor, who was desired to take away his licence by one of the proctors of the university. Boniface was summoned to attend, and when he came into the Vice Chancellor's presence, he began hawking and spitting about the room; this the Chancellor observed, and asked what he meant by it? "Please your worship," said he, "I came here on purpose to *clear* myself." The Vice Chancellor imagined that he actually weighed his ale, and sold it by the pound, is that true? "No, an't please your worship," replied the wit. "How do you do then?" said the Chancellor. "Very well, I thank you, sir," replied he, "How do you do?"—The Chancellor laughed, and said, "Get away for a rascal, I'll say no more to you." The fellow departed, and crossing the quadrangle, met the proctor who laid the information. "Sir," said he, "the Chancellor wants to speak with you:" and returned with him. "Here, sir," said he, "you sent me away for a *rascal*, and I've brought the greatest that I know of."

Epigram upon a ruined Horse-Racer.

John run so long, and run so fast,
No wonder he run out at last;
He ran in debt—and then to pay
He distanc'd all—and run away.

WHIPCORD.

GAME-KEEPERS BILL.

HAVING stated, in our last (p. 44,) the proceedings in the house of commons on the bill for embodying game-keepers, the second reading of which was afterwards postponed to the first of December, we shall in this place lay before our readers the clauses contained in this bill, which are as follow.

The first clause enacts, that every person to whom any certificate has been issued under any deputation or appointment of game-keeepers, by virtue of an act, passed in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of his present Majesty, intituled, "an act for repealing an act made in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of his present Majesty, intituled, *an act for granting to his Majesty certain duties on certificates issued with respect to the killing of game*, and for granting other duties in lieu thereof," at any time upon or since the first of July one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six, and who shall, not, on or before the twenty third day of November one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six, deliver up such certificate to the clerk of the peace, or his deputy by whom the same was granted, in order that the same may be cancelled, shall serve as private men in the augmentation of militia to be raised by an act of the present session of parliament, in the regiment, bat-

battalion, or company of militia raised for the county, riding, or place, where the manors to which such person was appointed a game-keeper are situate, and shall join such militia whenever the same shall be drawn out and embodied in pursuance of the said act, at such time and place as the Lieutenant of the county, riding, or place, or any two or more Deputy Lieutenants, assembled at a general meeting of Lieutenancy, shall appoint; of which notice shall be given, by advertisement in some public newspaper usually circulated in such county, riding or place, ten days at least before the time so to be appointed; or shall be given personally to, or left at the usual place of abode of such game keeper, three days at least before the time so to be appointed; and if any game-keeper liable to serve in any such militia, shall wilfully, without any lawful excuse, to be allowed by the commanding officer of the regiment, battalion, or company of militia, neglect or refuse to attend at the time and place so to be appointed, and to be enrolled and sworn into the said militia, according to the directions of the said act, with respect to the said augmented militia, every such game-keeper shall forfeit and pay the sum of twenty pounds, to be levied by distress and sale of the goods and chattels of the person so making default, by warrant of any one Justice of the peace of the county, riding, or place, where such default shall be made; and where sufficient goods and chattels cannot be found to levy the said penalty, to commit such offender to the common goal or house of correction, there to remain for twelve calendar months, unless such penalty shall be sooner paid and satisfied.

The 2d Clause, true lists of the names and places of abode of every game-keeper liable to serve in the militia of any county, riding, or place, shall, within twenty one days after the passing of this act, be delivered to the respective clerks of the general meetings of lieutenancy, for the use of such general meeting, by the said clerks of the peace, or their deputies respectively; and such clerks of the peace, or their respective deputies, being allowed after the rate of one halfpenny for the name of every person inserted in such list in pursuance of this act; and that true lists of the names of the persons who shall have brought any certificates which shall have been issued to them as aforesaid, to be cancelled before the twenty-third day of November one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six, shall from time to time, be delivered, in like manner, within twenty-one days after cancelling the same; and in case any clerk of the peace, or his deputy, shall neglect or refuse to make out such list as aforesaid, every such clerk of the peace, or his deputy, shall forfeit and pay the sum of twenty pounds to be levied by information in his Majesty's court of exchequer at Westminster, with full costs of suit.

The 3d Clause enacts, that every person who shall as a game keeper, be inrolled in any such militia as aforesaid, shall, from the day of his enrolment, be entitled to the same pay, and all other benefit and privileges, which any other private man in such militia may, by the laws now in force relating to the militia forces, be entitled unto.

The 4th Clause, that all powers, provisions, rules, regulations, penalties, forfeitures, bounties, allowances, clauses, matters, and things, contained in the act of the present session of parliament, relative to the raising, training, embodying, and calling out the aug-

augmented militia, or providing for the families of militia men ſo called out, or in any act to be paſſed in this ſeſſion of parliament, relative to the paying, cloathing, or ſubſiſting the militia, ſhall be applied, practiſed, and put into execution, with reſpect to the game-keepers directed to be enrolled by this act, in as full and ample a manner as if the ſaid powers, proviſions, rules, regulations, penalties, forfeitures, bounties, allowances, clauſes, matters, and things, were repeated and enacted in this act.

Provided always, and be it further enacted, that if any perſon to whom ſuch certificates as aforeſaid hath been iſſued, ſhall have an eſtate for life, or ſome greater eſtate, in lands, tenements, or hereditaments, either in his own right or the right of his wife, of the yearly value of fifty pounds above all reprizes, or who ſhall be the ſon or heir apparent of ſome perſon who ſhall in like manner have any eſtate of the yearly value of one hundred pounds, above all reprizes, or ſhall be poſſeſſed of perſonal eſtates yielding an income of the yearly value of fifty pounds, ſuch eſtate to be verified on the oath of ſuch perſon, or proved on the oath of competent witneſs or witneſſes before the deputy Lieutenants within the ſubdiviſion of the county, riding, or place, where ſuch perſon as aforeſaid ſhall act as game-keeper, and which oath any one ſuch deputy Lieutenant may adminiſter, it ſhall be lawful for ſuch perſon having ſuch qualification, at any day and place of muſter of the military force to be inrolled by virtue of this act which ſhall be appointed for that purpoſe by public notice as aforeſaid, to produce for his ſubſtitute a man of the ſame county, riding, or place able and fit for ſervice, and ſkilled in the uſe of fire arms, who ſhall be approved by the ſaid deputy Lieutenants, or any two or more of them, attending at ſuch muſter; and ſuch ſubſtitute ſo produced, and approved of, ſhall be enrolled as a ſubſtitute, to ſerve as a private man in the militia of ſuch county, riding, or place, and to join ſuch militia whenever the ſaid augmentation thereof as aforeſaid ſhall be called out and embodied in purſuance of the ſaid act of the preſent ſeſſion of parliament; and ſuch ſubſtitute ſhall take the following oath:

"I *A.B.* do ſincerely promiſe and ſwear, that
" I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his Majeſty King George,
" and I do ſwear that I am a Proteſtant, and that I will join the augmentation of Militia whenever the
" ſame ſhall be ordered to be embodied, and faithfully ſerve in the
" ſame during the time the ſaid Militia ſhall remain embodied."

And the perſon ſo qualified as aforeſaid, for whom ſuch ſubſtitute ſhall have been inrolled as aforeſaid, ſhall be exempt from ſervice in the militia in purſuance of this act.

Memoirs *of a* Gamester.

TOM Hughes was born in the city of Dublin. His father was a reputable tradeſman, and gave him an education ſuitable to the ſphere of life in which he moved; but 'ere our hero had attained the age of maturity, his taſte for gaiety and diſſipation ſoon marked him out for a man of pleaſure. His father died whilſt Tom was ſtill a boy, and being ſtill his mother's darling, ſhe indulged him in all his extravagance far beyond the limits of her abilities. He dreſſed, gamed at Lucas's, and paid his court to the *filles de joye*; his mother's affairs were, by his diſſipation, brought into a critical ſtate and ſhe was no longer able to aſſiſt him. The debts he had contracted, and a deſire of ſtill ſhining above his ſtation, induced him

him to quit Ireland, and make his appearance in England. He accordingly repaired to London, where he found means to raise some money, appeared at the Billiard-tables, Tennis-courts and horse races, where he sported with various success. At length he met with a good pigeon, and now Tom began to make a more brilliant figure than ever. He resorted to the Turf Coffee-house and sported very deep.

In proportion as he was successful, the ladies of the garden were fortunate; they shared the spoils, and his generosity to the girls was almost unbounded. His favourite house was that of Mrs. Thornton in the Piazza's, and here he spent or rather threw away many hundred pounds.

Fortune at this period seemed to accompany him every where, he was a great gainer by the gaming parties held at Carlisle-house in Soho-square, and derived considerable emolument from being a proprietor of the E O tables at Dr. Graham's in Pall Mall. In a rencontre he had with a gentleman under the Piazza, concerning a play debt, he received a wound in his side, but luckily his antagonist's sword striking against a rib, the wound proved no way dangerous, and he recovered in a few days. Soon after he fell in company with a young gentleman just come of age, of considerable fortune: they sat down to cribbage, and in a night's time he won above three thousand pounds of his opponent, who made over to him a landed estate, as a consideration to him for that sum.

Now Tom was in the zenith of his grandeur, he borrowed a sum of money on the estate of old Pope, the usurer, and being now considered a man of real fortune, he was balloted a member of the jockey club.

From this period we may date his decline. Passionately fond of hazard, he could not hear the rattling of a dice-box unless he was of the party. A series of ill-luck added to his good nature, in always assisting an unfortunate fellow-gamester when broke down, soon compelled him to have recourse again to Pope, and the estate was presently so deeply dipt, that he could not pay the interest of the mortgage, and in a short time he was compelled to transfer the whole to him.

Though he was destitute of money, he still had credit, but his creditors soon became so clamorous, that he was obliged to take shelter in the verge of the court. His necessity however drove him out in search of play and money, and he was often paid a shoulder compliment by the catch-pole, which he bailed, and was thereby more distressed. Being one evening at the Long-Acre coffee-house, playing at back-gammon, his attendants having got scent of his situation, paid him a visit, but Tom having many acquaintance in the room, instead of making Tom a prisoner, they rolled the catch-poles in the channel, whilst our hero made his escape.

They caught him however a few nights after, and then he was obliged to pay for all his sins. This became a very expensive affair, which he never got clear of till he was set at liberty by the late insolvent act.

Tom was soon after confined at the house of the famous, or rather infamous Charles Scoldwell, the rapacious bailiff, (who is compelled to take a voyage at the nation's expence). Charley knew his man, and that Tom had many friends who would not let him want: accordingly, as long as they visited him and promoted the trade of the house, Charley was in no hurry to carry him

him over the water; but when Tom's purse began to fail, and his friends seemed to cool; Charley made no ceremony, but conducted him to the bench.

When the late insolvent act took place, he was released; but he was in a very bad state of health, and pennyless. He nevertheless found means to make a decent figure, and went into the country for the recovery of his health; but it was too much impaired, for the powers of medicine, or air to relieve him. Whilst he was in this situation he was arrested for a debt he had contracted since his enlargement, and once more conveyed to a lock-up-house. He was not long confined here before grief, misery, and disease, united to put a period to his existence.

His poverty was so great, that he did not leave the value of a wooden coffin; and Mrs. Thornton, in gratitude for his former friendship, had him buried at her expence.

LIST *of* STALLIONS *to Cover the ensuing Season.*

BUZZARD, at Mr. Glenton's, Boroughbridge, at 10gs a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Chaunter, at Battersea, Surrey, 2gs and 5s.

Coriander, at Mr. Robert Wood's, at Marton, near Stillington, 7gs and 10s. 6d.

Don Quixote, by Eclipse, 5gs and 5s. Pilot, at 5gs and 5s. Sultan, (own brother to Escape,) 3gs and 5s. at Cannon Park, near Overton and Kingscleare, Hampshire.

Drone, at T. Wetherill's, Bedale, Yorkshire, 5gs and 5s.

Dungannon, 12gs and 10s. 6d. Volunteer, 12gs and 10s. 6d. Anvil, 5gs and 10s. 6d. Vertumnus, 3gs and 5s. at Cannons, between Stanmore and Edgware.

Fortunio, at Barrows Brook, near Cirencester, Gloucestershire, 6gs and 10s. 6d.

Hollyhock, at Easton Lodge, near Dunmow, Essex, 2gs and 2s. 6d.

Javelin, 20gs and 10s. 6d. Escape, 10gs and 10s. 6d. Toby, 2gs and 5s. at Bennington, Herts.

John Bull, 15gs and a guinea; Alexander, 10gs and a guinea; Meteor, 5gs and 10s. 6d. Asparagus, 5gs and 10s. 6d. at Figdale, two miles from Chester.

King Fergus, 12gs and 10s. 6d. Nephew, 2gs and 5s. at Gogmagog, near Cambridge.

Lurcher, 3gs and 5s. at Wentbridge, ten miles north of Doncaster.

Mufti, Dragon, and a Chesnut Arabian, each 10gs and 10s. 6d. at Woburn, Bedfordshire.

Pegasus, 5gs and 5s. Balloon, 3gs and 5s. at Mr. Galloway's Farm, at Plaistow, in Essex.

Pipator, 3gs and 5s. Hermes, 1 gui. and 1s. at Streatlam Castle, near Richmond, Yorkshire.

Pot8o's, 10gs and 10s. 6d. at the Upper Hare Park, near Newmarket.

Recruit, one guinea and half-a-crown, at West Deeping, Lincolnshire.

Rockingham, 10gs and 10s. 6d. at Clayhill, Epsom, Surry.

Satellite, 5gs and 5s. at Farmington, near North Leach, Gloucestershire.

Seagull, 3gs and 5s. at Kentwell Hall, Long Melford, Sudbury, Suffolk.

Symmetry, 2gs and 5s. at the Bay Malton, in Altringham, near Knutsford, Cheshire.

Traveller, 2gs and 2s. 6d. at Mr. Tanner's, Windlebury, near Bicester, Oxfordshire.

Trumpator, 12gs and 10s. 6d. at Clermont Lodge, near Brandon, Norfolk.

Wood-

Woodpecker, 12gs and one guinea; Precipitate, 12gs and one guinea; Driver, 5gs and 10s. 6d. Grey Trentham, 5gs and 10s. 6d. Shoveller, 2gs and 5s. at Petworth, in Sussex.

Young Marske, 20gs and one guinea, at Aldburgh, near Masham, Bedale, and Ripon.

Description of the curious Copper-plate given in the present Number, of the Combat between a HUNTING TIGER *and an old* STAG, *in Windsor Great Park.*

ABOUT 30 years ago (for I cannot be certain to a year), Lord Pigot; at the instance of the late Duke of Cumberland, turned out a trained ounce, or what is generally called a hunting tiger against an old stag in Windsor Great Park.

It was in Ascot race week, and in consequence, this novelty attracted an additional concourse of people.

On a lawn by the road side, a proper space was fenced in with toiling, very strong, and about fifteen feet high, into which an old stag was turned, and shortly after the tiger was led in hoodwinked by two blacks that had the care of him, and his eyes and himself at once set at liberty. The instant he saw the deer, he crouched down on his belly, and creeping about like a house cat at a mouse, watched an opportunity of safely seizing his prey. The stag, however, wisely and warily still turned as he turned, and trusting to his best defence, this strange antagonist still found himself opposed by his formidable brow antlers. In vain the tiger attempted to turn his flanks, the stag had too much generalship for him; and this cautious warfare lasted till it began to grow tedious, and his Royal Highness enquired if it was not possible by irritating the tiger to hasten the catastrophe of this dilatory combat. He was informed that this would, perhaps, be attended with danger, but still requested that it might be done. The keepers went to the animal, and did as they were desired; when immediately, instead of attacking the deer, with a furious and wonderfully elastic bound, he sprung at, and cleared the toiling that enclosed him; great indeed was the rout among the affrighted multitude; there reigned "confusion worse confounded," every one imagining him, or herself the destined victim to the rage of this furious monster, who regardless of their fears or their persons, crossed the road, and rushed into the opposite wood. It happened a herd of fallow deer were feeding not far from the scene of action; this was a quarry he did not think it necessary to treat with so much ceremony; on one of them he instantly sprung, fastened on the haunch, and brought it to the ground. His keepers, to whom he was most perfectly familiarized, for some time hesitated to go near him; at length they ventured, cut the throat of the deer, and separating the haunch he had siezed, and his hold, which he never left a moment, hoodwinked, and led him away with it in his mouth. A. B.

GAMING HOUSES, *and* FRENCH EMIGRANTS.

ON Tuesday evening, Nov. 1, 17 French emigrants were taken from a gaming house, No. 10, Leicester-street, into custody, by some of the Bow-street officers, and

on the following day a full enquiry took place before Mr. Ford, by which it appeared that two of the prisoners, Pascal and Schinotti, were proprietors of the said house, and superintended the gaming tables, &c. The evidence was very clear, two of the principal witnesses being their own servants. They were convicted under the statute of the 12th of George the second, in the penalty of 200l. each, which not being able to pay, were consequently committed to the house of correction for six months.

On the Wednesday an order was received from the Duke of Portland, to send seven others of the said emigrants to Gravesend, for the purpose of being conveyed by some neutral vessel to the continent.

Nov. 4, another party of gamblers were taken at a house in Oxendon-street, near the Haymarket, entered by the authority of a search warrant from the magistrates of the police office, Marlborough-street. The tables, cards, &c. were also seized and brought away. On Saturday the offenders, who are mostly French emigrants, were examined before N. Conant, Esq. and dealt with according to law.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

BOXING MATCH *near Harrow, between* HOOPER *the Tinman, and* OWEN, *&c.*

MONDAY morning, Nov. 14, a boxing match took place between Hooper the tinman, and a man whose name is Owen, who it is reported keeps a public house. The latter is not what may be termed a prize fighter, consequently the affair was quite accidental. They appeared to be powerful muscular men, and great expectations were formed by the amateurs: they were not disappointed, for a more severe contest has not been seen.

The combatants met at a trifling distance from Harrow-upon a spot very convenient for the purpose. They discovered great bottom, and Hooper fought at first very scientifically.—His antagonist kept what is called a *straight guard*, and of such prodigious strength, that the hardest blows of Hooper could never beat down, and but seldom get in upon it.

The contest lasted rather more than an hour; they fought *fifty rounds*, the greater part of which were in favour of Owen. Hooper dislocated his shoulder by striking him, and completely lame and dreadfully bruised, at last gave in. The strength of Owen was so little impaired, that he did not need refreshment: but put on his clothes leisurely, and then walked away. It is generally admitted, that all the *tricks* of the *biggest* professors of this *manual art* may be foiled by inexperienced natural strength and quickness of eye.

Lord Pomfret being crossed in his amusement of shooting, the other day, by a farmer, near Colchester, laid his gun down very coolly, and invited his opponent to a pugilistic combat, which being accepted, victory in about ten minutes, with the *striking* odds of the *peer*, declared in favour of *two black eyes* given, for one received.

SUPPLEMENTARY THEATRICALS.

CRITIQUE *on the First Night's Representation of the New Comic Opera of* ABROAD AND AT HOME.

ON Saturday evening, November 19, a new comic opera, called *Abroad and at Home*, was

was performed, for the firſt time, at Covent-Garden Theatre; the characters of which were as follow, and were thus repreſented:

Sir Simon Flouriſh,	Mr. Quick.
Young Flouriſh,	Mr. Fawcett.
Old Teſty,	Mr. Munden.
Young Teſty,	Mr. Knight.
Captain O'Neil,	Mr. Johnſtone.
Harcourt,	Mr. Incledon.
Monſieur Grand Pas,	Mr. Murray.
Snare,	Mr. Waddy.
Bluff,	Mr. Bowden.
Mahogany,	Mr. Lee.
Dicky,	Mr. Simmons.
Lady Flouriſh,	Mrs. Knight.
Miſs Hartley,	Mrs. Second.
Kitty,	Mrs. Martyr.

This opera is the firſt dramatic production of Mr. Holman, the comedian, and it does him infinite credit. A more able diſplay of knowledge of life and manners, a better uſe of dramatic effect, and a fairer direction of the ſhafts of ſatire, have ſeldom been given by writers for the ſtage, at their meridian, ſcarcely ever by any author in his firſt attempt. Though not ſet off with the faſcinating glitter of baſtard wit, or any of thoſe falſe ornaments, which the taſte of the times, enervated by diſſipation, and rendered vicious by abuſe, is found to delight in, the audience felt the force of the ridicule, admitted the truth of the ſcene, and gave repeated teſtimonies of their conviction, by the applauſe they beſtowed on every electrical part of the repreſentation: and few dramatic bodies have elicited more ſparks. Like Mr. Sheridan's Duenna, though not its equal, either in wit or conduct of the fable, Abroad and at Home is ſomething more than an opera; it is not a mere vehicle for muſic and ſound, but rather a comedy, interſperſed with ſongs, which, as a drama, has ſubſtantial merit, independent of its claim to commendation, on the ſcore of its muſical qualities, and rate of excellence.

The following is a ſketch of the fable, incidents, and conduct of the plot:

Sir Simon Flouriſh and Old Teſty have been partners in trade, and retired with ample fortunes: Miſs Hartley (an heireſs) is left to the care of Sir Simon, but cannot marry without the joint conſent of the two old men, who have each of them ſons, which they reſpectively hope to unite with the young lady. Being men of oppoſite humours, and obſtinately wedded to their opinions, educate their ſons differently. Sir Simon ſends his hopeful ſon to travel, and flatters himſelf that he will return from abroad a poliſhed man of faſhion, being himſelf ſtrongly prejudiced in favour of that ſort of character, and ſucceeding in his imitation of it, as the aſs in the fable ſucceeded in imitation of the lap dog, by attempting to jump into his maſter's lap. Teſty, on the other hand, thinking cunning the beſt ſpecies of wiſdom, ſends his ſon into Yorkſhire, to learn the art of taking advantage of the weakneſs of others; and to finiſh his accompliſhment in that object, on his recal to town, enters him of the Temple, that he may become a lawyer. Soon after the audience are acquainted with theſe circumſtances, Tom Teſty, who has been ſent for by his father to pay his addreſſes to Miſs Hartley, arrives in town at Sir Simon's; and the firſt female he ſees in the family being Mrs. Kitty, the maid, he miſtakes her for the miſtreſs, and, in a blunt Yorkſhireman-like manner, makes up to her; few words end the buſineſs, and Mrs. Kitty having, by ſome affected airs, convinced him that ſhe muſt be a fine lady, perſuades him

him to a private union. We are next introduced to the King's Bench Prison, where Harcourt, who adores Miss Hartley, and is equally beloved, is detained for a debt incurred by gaming. He is visited by Jack Flourish, a fellow prisoner, who had ended his travels there, having never quitted England, but been brought to that gaol, by lavishly expending all the money his father furnished him with "pour voyager," on Poll, his favourite girl; who laughed at him when his money was spent, and on being solicited to comfort him in the King's Bench, reminded him that she had always said "she could not cross the water." Harcourt is suddenly enabled to relieve himself by the receipt of an anonymous packet containing bank notes, which the audience are previously apprised have been obtained from Sir Simon, on the security of his commission, by Captain O'Neil, in order to clear the debts of a man with whom he was determined to fight. In the second act, Harcourt has an interview with his mistress; and Captain O'Neil, calling at Sir Simon's, is pretty palpably courted by the lady; when Sir Simon comes in, and misconceiving the little he has heard, gives himself great airs to the Captain, who, thinking he has no other resource than to offer satisfaction, produces his pistols, and tenders one to Sir Simon; the sight of the weapon strikes Sir Simon to nothing, his innate cowardice being only apparent; the Captain is attempted to be bullied, but upon caning the knight, the latter asks his pardon, and begs him to keep the trifling circumstance a secret, which excites the Captain's contempt, and he quits the house. Another scene in the King's Bench takes place; and (after a a badinage with Monsieur Grand Pas, the first French dancer, who considers the English barbarians, because they preferred state affairs to dancing, and would not suffer him to spend twice his income without sending him to jail,) Harcourt calls on Jack Flourish, and recommends him by all means to pay his father a visit, and see what use he could make of it. Jack takes the hint, determines to obtain a day-rule, and as he is obliged to be accompanied with a person from the prison, as a sort of watchman, to take Dicky, one of the younger runners of the Bench, dress him up like a foreigner, pass him off on his father as a French Count, and make the best of the matter, as it could not be avoided. In the interim, a scene passes at Sir Simon's, that serves at once to explain the respective characters to each other, to further the plot, and assist the developement of the denouement. Kitty happens to be alone in her lady's dressing-room, when Old Testy, who has been hunting the house over to meet Sir Simon, sees her, and begins to be civil; after finding that she will listen to no offer unless he will give it under his hand, that he will at all events protect her, he consents to the terms, and has scarcely delivered her the paper he has signed, before he is disturbed by hearing the voice of Sir Simon on the stairs. He is persuaded to hide himself behind a sofa, and Sir Simon has just began his attentions to Kitty, when they hear my lady and Captain O'Neil approaching; they are, therefore, obliged to let down the window-curtain, and conceal themselves behind it. Lady Flourish and the Captain sit down on the sofa, when the former explains herself so intelligibly,

bly, that Sir Simon can no longer bear it, but bursts from his concealment, and reproaches his lady for her open courtship of the Captain. As they are both much agitated, the Captain draws up the window-curtain to give them air. This discovers Kitty, and produces a retort on Sir Simon from Lady Flourish, and a new confusion; in order, therefore, to throw still more of the cooling element on their heated passions, the Captain throws up the sash, and draws away the sofa, when Testy is discovered in a most grotesque attitude. The general embarrassment heightens the effect of the scene, and the act ends with a whimsical quintetto. In the third act, Harcourt visits his mistress under the pretence of informing Sir Simon, that his son is just arrived from abroad. Tom Testy is married to Kitty, and arrested as soon as he comes out of the church by his tradesmen, and conveyed to the King's Bench. Old Testy visits Sir Simon to tell him that his son is in the Bench, which he laughs at, in consequence of what he has heard from Harcourt, and presently Young Flourish calls upon his father in company with Dicky, dressed up in tawdry lace clothes from Monmouth-street, to pass for a foreign count. The interview is laughable, and in the midst of it, Sir Simon receives a letter, which informs him that Old Testy's son is in the King's Bench; this turns the tables, and enrages that father; at length Sir Simon persuades all present, much against the will of his son, to drive to the prison in St. George's Fields, where after a ludicrous exhibition of the manners of the prison, an explanation takes place among all the parties, principals and collaterals in the scene, and a general reconciliation is established.

Such are the materials of which the plot of this comic opera is compounded, and no man who has lived any time in the metropolis, and is a man of tolerably acute observation, will deny their probability. In fact, they form a picture, to the truth of which every day's experience bears testimony. In a picture of real life, like those of Hogarth, the low as well as the high, the men of rank, and the rank men, the lofty and the little, must mingle with the multitude, and be discernable in the groupe, or the artist is unequal to his task, either from lamentable deficiency of judgment, or being deficient from a worse cause, he purposely passes by what cannot have escaped his observation, and thus wilfully mars his own design.

In the play before us, the author's hero being a jail, he has unavoidably been compelled to put him in company with a tipstaff, but he has done so with admirable caution and prudence. Dicky does more, by saying so little, than he would effect if his mouth were open without reserve. His deportment and manners, added to the little he says, speak volumes, and are irresistibly laughable. The two fathers are well discriminated; the idea of their difference of opinion respecting their sons' education, is to be found in the Adelphi of Terence, the Choleric Fathers of Cumberland, in Fielding's Tom Jones, and in a variety of dramatic productions drawn from those sources.

The characters of Jack Flourish and Tom Testy are finely contrasted, and their fathers finding that their different systems of education end in the same point, though

though as old as the idea of the fathers difference of humour, is extremely well managed. Lady Flourish presents but too true a picture of modern life, and we heartily wish there were more such disinterested members of society as the modest Irishman, O'Neil.

Monsieur *Grand Pas* is certainly not necessary to the scene, but naturally introduced as one of the motley inhabitants of the King's Bench, and is made the vehicle of just satire. A better ridicule of the hypocrisy of affecting superior sentiment and sensibility, could scarcely have been imagined than the making a bailiff the author of the *tears of tenderness*.

The scene of the tradesman's treatment of Tom Testy, and their first presentment of their bills, treads too closely on the kibe of the scene in which he is stripped of his money by Snare and his companions, and is, in itself, a violent caricature. The tradesman of the metropolis are not such harpies. Generally speaking, unless they think or know their customers to be on the high road to ruin, and find it necessary to stop them at the first turnpike, they are civil and patient almost to a fault. The scene of the tradesman also wants preparation and relief.

This comic opera has its obvious defects and inequalities, as well as its merits; the *denouement* is some what huddled; but though the opera does not dazzle so much as some late productions, by the brilliancy of its wit, and the lustre of its points of dialogue, it contains much pointed animadversion on the prevalent follies of the times, and many sterling sentiments, conveying much just sarcasm, mixed with proper allowance of praise, where obvious merit demands it: and is, upon the whole, a composition that possesses a sufficient claim to public favour to encourage the author to go on, and equally serve himself and the public, by the exercise of his literary talents.

The musical part of this opera is in both hands well managed; the words, which we shall notice in our next, convey a meaning, in strong but unaffected terms, and though easy, without being flowery, are sufficiently poetical in thought and expression. The music is chiefly compiled, but well adapted, from Mahon, Giornovichi, and Jackson. The original airs and finales do Shield great credit.

The performers respectively felt, that they were fighting the cause of a brother, and manifested most laudable zeal. Quick has, perhaps, in no one of his old men, evinced more skill than in the scenes of Sir Simon with O'Neil. Knight's Tom Testy was an original, correct, and powerful performance. In that line, we have not, for many years, had Knight's equal. Murray's *Grand pas* was admirably given; he may almost be said to have embodied a dramatic non-entity. Fawcett, as usual, was all life and spirits, notwithstanding his confinement had made him look as pale as a white chicken in a coop.

Master Simmonds, by the naivete and strong character displayed by him in Dickey, gave a most praiseworthy sample of his present merit, and afforded strong promise of his future excellence as a comedian.

Mr. Lee gave a happy specimen of his talents in the Upholsterer. Though a faint sketch, it manifested mind and good conception.

John-

Johnstone did all that could be done for O'Neil, who is an amiable Irishman, in water colours. Incledon and Mrs. Second, sung sweetly; Mr. Incledon gave his *bravura* song with most masterly skill. Mrs. Knight supported Lady Flourish so ably, that we wonder an actress of her merit is so seldom before the public. Mrs. Martyr's Kitty had better acting in it, especially the scene with Tom Testy, than she ever, perhaps, before exhibited.

A faithful representation of the interior of the King's Bench Prison, was presented from the powerful pencil of Richards.

Astonishing Sagacity of a SHEPHERD'S DOG, *related by Dr. Anderson, in his Account of different Kinds of Sheep, translated from Dr. Pallas.*

OF the sagacity of dogs many instances might be adduced; but none that I have ever met with can equal the following instance of the sagacity of a shepherd's dog.—The owner himself having been hanged some years ago for sheep-stealing; the following fact, among others respecting the dog, was authenticated by evidence on his trial.—When the man intended to steal any sheep, he did not do it himself, but detached his dog to perform the business. With this view, under pretence of looking at the sheep, with an intention to purchase them, he went through the flock with his dog at his feet, to whom he secretly gave a signal so as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of perhaps ten or twelve, out of a flock of some hundreds; he then went away, and from a distance of several miles sent back the dog by himself in the night time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him by himself, for the distance of ten or twelve miles, till he came up with his master, to whom he delivered his charge.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

The settled PLATES *to be run for annually, for ever, in* GREAT BRITAIN.

AT Farn, in Cheshire, the Monday after the first of March, a purse of nine guineas, free for any horse, &c.—one single 4-mile heat, carrying 10st. exclusive of bridle and saddle. One guinea entrance.

At the same place, on the Tuesday, a purse of twenty-one guineas to be run for, free for any horse carrying 10st.—the best of three heats. One guinea entrance, if a subscriber,—and five guineas, if not,—and five more, if distanced.

At Kiplingcoats, Yorkshire, no fixed day, but always in the month of March, a purse of fourteen guineas value, free for any horse carrying 10st.—one single 4-mile heat.

At Barham Downs, near Canterbury, every Easter Tuesday, ten guineas, free for any horse carrying 10st.—one 4-mile heat.

At West Chester, sometime in April, the annual city prize of thirty pounds value, free for any horse, &c. carrying 10st.—the best of three heats.

At Salisbury, Wilts, the annual city free plate, being a silver bowl of about twenty pounds value, at the time of their other races,

races, carrying 10ſt.—the beſt of three heats. A 4-mile courſe.

At Newmarket, the annual town-plate of twenty pounds, on the ſecond Tueſday in October, free for any horſe carrying 12ſt. beſides bridle and ſaddle. Only gentlemen to ride; the beſt of three heats. Three guineas entrance, which are added to the new-years plate.

HUNTING *in* MINIATURE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

" *A fine tame Hare to be hunted.*

" THIS is to acquaint all gentlemen ſportſmen and others, that, on the 15th of December next, will be turned out in the great parlour of the Circus Coffee-houſe, a fine tame hare, reared with a ſpoon by a lady of quality lately deceaſed, and ſince purchaſed of the executors at a conſiderable expence. And there will be provided a neat pack of beagles, the talleſt not exceeding eight inches in height, trained according to the rules of the late William Somerville, eſq. There is alſo a ſtable of ſeaſoned hobbies, which will be let for the chace. Sufficient care will be taken to clear away all the benches, and to mat the floor entirely round to prevent accidents by falls. Surgeons will attend to bleed ſuch young gentlemen who may be over-heated with the diverſion.

" Galleries will be ready for the reception of ladies, who are deſired to bring no lap-dogs with them, for fear of accidental croſſes, and ſpoiling the breed of both ſides.

" Mr. Inkledun will ſing the Early Horn, before the hare is ſtarted, which will be preciſely at ten o'clock; and there will be a chorus of ſportſmen at the death.

" N. B. Mr. Centaur will attend with caps, whips, ſpurs, &c. as at Newmarket."

The PARSON, WOODPIGEON, *and* MOOR-GAME. *An Anecdote.*

A Certain northern well-fed divine, pretending to a greater knowledge of good eating than his neighbours, and particularly in his taſte and flavour of game,—dining with a neighbouring 'ſquire, who was determined to try the parſon's palate—in the ſecond courſe, two common wood-pigeons were introduced, to which the cook had affixed the feet of moor-game. The parſon, expecting game, reſerved his fire till they were introduced; when he ſet to work, and eat the greateſt part of the birds; no notice was taken of the parſon's miſtake. At ſupper, a brace of moor-game were ſerved up, with the wood-pigeons' feet; the parſon was prevailed on to take a ſlice of the diroat; he quickly exchanged plates, exclaiming loudly that wood-pigeons were unwholeſome, and ought never to be introduced before gentlemen. The 'ſquire made the affair public, which chagrined the parſon ſo much, that he has ſince laid aſide all pretenſions to a refined palate.

The PRESENT AGE.

POETS, hiſtorians, and philoſophers, have characterized the paſt ages by particular names;—but we think it would puzzle the wiſeſt philoſopher to give an adequate appellation to the age in which we live:

The

The financiers and receivers of the treasury may very properly call this the *golden age*, though much of the gold is wrung from the bowels of humanity.

If we consider the multitudes of men in arms in several quarters of the globe, we may name this—the *iron age*;—and when we read of the slaughter they make, it may require the name of the *bloody age*.—Behold the bats of Venus, that flitter along the streets every evening, and listen to several orators in the legislature, and at the bar, and you will naturally imagine—the *brazen age* is come again.

When we see the multiform changes in male and female dress, under the reign of fashion;—in men from ties, scratches, and Beresford bobs, to crops—from long skirts to spencers, long cravats to stocks and monstrous craws—and view the pads, bishops plumpers, no waists and long waists of females, we may deem this to be a very *whimsical age*.

From the number of elopements of wives from husbands, and husbands from wives, of suits in the ecclesiastical courts, and bills of divorce, we may call this an *horned age*.

From the extent of nuisances still subsisting under the very noses of magistracy, we deem this to be a *careless age*; and, from the conduct and conversation of gentlemen and ladies of the *ton*, we may denominate this to be—a *frivolous age*.

INFORMATION *on the* GAME LAWS.

IN a former part of this Number, (p. 79,) we have stated the particulars of a motion for a rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not be filed in the Court of King's Bench, against a justice of the peace in the city of Worcester, for having improperly convicted a person on the game laws. The rule was then obtained, and on Thursday, November 24, Mr. Leycester shewed cause against the rule; he stated the substance of the affidavits upon which the rule was granted.

On the part of the defendant, Mr. Darke, he had an affidavit of that magistrate which stated, that, on the day on which this man was convicted before him of this offence, Elizabeth Howman, whom this man by mistake had called Elizabeth *Woman*, came before this magistrate, and swore that she saw this man bring the hare into his house, and saw a wire-snare drop out of his pocket. That this was on the 21st of March, and not on the 25th, as had been erroneously stated by this man in his affidavit. That true it was, this man produced two witnesses, who offered to depose that no hare was taken by him on the 25th of March; but the day on which he was charged to have committed this offence against the game laws was not the 25th, but the 21st. It appeared clear therefore to the magistrate, that this man's witnesses came to speak of a day which was not in question before the magistrate, and on that account the evidence they had to offer was quite immaterial, and therefore he declined administering the oath to them. The magistrate swore further, that he had no reason to disbelieve Elizabeth Howman upon her oath, and therefore he convicted this person on this charge. The magistrate swore also that he had no partiality whatever to either side, but proceeded according to law upon the evidence.

Another affidavit confirmed this account given by the magiſtrate, and ſtated, that he behaved in every reſpect as he ought to do. For theſe reaſons, Mr. Leyceſter ſaid, he hoped this rule would be diſcharged with coſts.

Lord Kenyon ſaid, that the ſingle queſtion in this caſe was, whether the magiſtrate had miſconducted himſelf or not? That was, whether he had allowed all parties a hearing in this matter? If the party charged with this offence had any witneſſes to prove any thing in his behalf, upon the charge exhibited againſt him, the magiſtrate ought to hear ſuch witneſſes; but the evidence which he propoſed had nothing to ſay upon the charge exhibited before this magiſtrate. The whole was a mis-ſtatement of dates. The information before the magiſtrates was, that the offence was committed on the 21ſt of March, and the witneſſes who came to ſwear on behalf of the perſon charged, had evidence that applied only to the 25th, which had nothing to do with the charge. To be ſure there was not any thing more clear upon earth than that the magiſtrate had anſwered the complaint that was exhibited againſt him, and this rule muſt be diſcharged with coſts.

Rule diſcharged with coſts.

Anecdotes.

SPORTING.

A Few days ſince, a gentleman but little known, and who had never been obſerved with the ſtag hounds in the courſe of the day, applied (ſome time after the deer was taken) for a qualification ticket, to which Johnſon, the huntſman, conſcientiouſly objected, upon his "not having been preſent at the taking of the deer." With ſome degree of concern, he ſaid "he conſidered himſelf entitled to it, he having followed the King all day!" when George Goſden (one of the yeomen prickers, or aſſiſtant huntſman) inſtantly replied, "if you *hunt* for a *place*, ſir, you may follow the KING, but, by G—d, if you *hunt* for a TICKET, you muſt *follow me*."—A fact not to be controverted, as George is undoubtedly one of the boldeſt riders in the field.

THEATRICAL.

James Fotteral, the actor, the hero of the Swanſea company, uſed to perform formerly in Dublin, and was more remarkable for being a good *hazard*-player, than an excellent player. One night in ſpeaking the long ſpeech of the King in Hamlet, the houſe attempted to cough him off, but to no purpoſe, until a fellow in the upper gallery compleatly *gagged* him, by calling out, "*paſs the box, Jemmy!*"

MILITARY.

At a late ball in the county of Hartford, ſome officers of the army gave offence to a gentleman of the navy—who, to expreſs his diſlike of their behaviour, ſaid to a lady, *he could not reliſh* LOBSTER SAUCE!

ANOTHER MILITARY.

An officer in the Weſt-Indies, having formed a tender connexion there, and not wiſhing to return to his family, has lately written home to his *wife* at Kilkenny, that he *died* laſt year of the yellow fever, and therefore hopes ſhe will not expect his return.

LETHARGIC.

His ſerene *Drowſineſs*, the Stadtholder has, with appropriate attention

tention to his own *profound* habits, appointed for his solicitor Mr. GO-TO-BED!

CLERICAL.

The late Dr. Balguy, a preacher of great celebrity, on account of the excellence of his sermons, after having delivered an exceeding good discourse at the Cathedral, Winchester, the text of which was, "all wisdom is sorrow," received the following extempore, but elegant compliment from Dr. Watson, then at Winchester school;

If what you advance, dear doctor be true,
That wisdom is sorrow, how wretched are you.

LITERARY.

When the microcosm came out, a periodical work by the Etonians, the Westminster scholars published the Trifler as a rival work, and prefixed to it a frontispiece, in which the respective publications were shewn in a pair of scales, the Trifler weighing down the microcosm. Upon which Mr. C. who was chiefly concerned in writing the latter, composed the following neat Epigram:

What mean you by this print so rare,
Ye Wits—of Eton jealous,
But that your rivals SOAR IN AIR,
And you are heavy fellows!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

WARREN-house, near Billingbear, Berks. New trials of skill are again arranged here, to ascertain a superiority (if possible) amongst the most celebrated shots at this end of the county of Berks. Each candidate is stimulated by the good opinion of the party by whom he is supported, and bets not only run high, but are made in proportion to the prepossession of one side, or the prejudice of the other. On Thursday the first of December, Mr. Zach. Boult, of Warfield, shoots against Mr. Greenwood, of Reading, at one-and-twenty pigeons each, for twenty guineas aside. Immediately after which, Mr. Z. Boult shoots against Mr. Jenkins, of Hanworth, at an equal number for the same sum; when a general match takes place between six gentlemen of each party for five guineas a man; and the day will conclude, according to custom, with a scene of festivity. Twenty dozen of pigeons are ordered for this sporting jubilee, and considerable sums are already depending upon the fickle goddess who presides upon this and all similar occasions.

At Ashwell, Herts, the 28th of October, there were four distinct matches, and eight dozen of pigeons. The shooting but indifferent: in other respects, writes our correspondent, it proved one of the best days I ever saw; we banished the idea of party, shot one amongst another, and, if you please, a poetical impromptu on the occasion.

Say, with *wit*, *mirth*, and *friendship*, the stronger with *wine*,
They wore out that haggard the night;
Nor parted, tho' *Phœbus* did pleasingly shine,
But wantonly barred out his light.

When *Bacchus* convinc'd they had bow'd to his *shrine*,
He gave each a place in his heart;
Declaring such *vot'ries* should never want wine,
And in raptures he saw them depart.

COCKING.

The famous Lincolnshire fat ox, supposed to be the largest ever seen in England, was fought for one day last month, at the Weymouth Arms Inn, at Spalding; and was won by Mr. Gillam's spangle-breasted cock, called the Cock of the Rock. The next day a large hog,

hog, weighing 45 ſtone, was fought for by cocks, at the Roſe and Crown, in Peterborough, and won by a yellow cock of —— Harriſon's, Eſq.

ANGLING.

The cuckow diſciples of honeſt Iſaac Walton, who ſit like patience on a monument, waiting for the tranſient nibble of certain coy roach and dace, have been beat out and out by certain hardy adventurers preſiding at the barbel department; theſe leviathans of the Hampton and Kingſton Deeps, having bit during the ſeaſon like ſo many gudgeons. Mr. Harrop of the India Houſe, ſon to the celebrated fly thrower, hooked and landed lately a barbel of twelve pounds and a half — poor Governor Hurlock would have given with Richard "a kingdom" for ſuch a fiſh.

RINGING.

A maſterly peal of 6000 bob-majors was rung at St. Margaret's Church, King's Lynn, Norfolk, in four hours and ten minutes.

One day laſt month, a numerous concourſe of people attending the annual feaſt at Dilhorn, Staffordſhire, was highly gratified at the opening of a complete, harmonious peal of bells, caſt by Mr. Edward Arnold, of Leiceſter, in whoſe praiſe, as an artiſt in the above profeſſion, the inhabitants were unanimous.

A Grand cricket match, for 500 guineas, is to be played next year, between thirty-three men, to be ſelected in the county of Norfolk, and eleven only on the other ſide, to be ſelected from all England. The place of playing is Swaffham race ground; and the time of playing next July, after the Newmarket Meeting. Conſiderable bets are already made on the occaſion. The match was made by ſeveral gentlemen in Swaffham and its neighbourhood, with Robert Denn, Eſq, who is to produce the eleven men from all England.

The Caledonian hunt has for many years paſt been attended by a ſportſman who is now in the 93d year of his age—Mr. Walter Mitchelſon, of Edinburgh. With the activity and keenneſs of 50, he is generally in at the death, from whence he returns to dinner with his brother ſportſmen; where, as a companion in toaſt and ſong, he may even challenge the veteran Macklin.

Colonel Thornton, is diſtinguiſhed as the moſt effective ſportſman in all England. On an expedition to the Highlands, in the year 1793, his ſucceſs was ſo great, that the quantity of game he killed by hawking, amounted to 325 of different claſſes; and thoſe by ſhooting to 1043, Lord Eglintoun's gun before that period was ſuppoſed to have ſuperior pretenſions, particularly after the victory over Lord Thanet for 200 guineas; but Colonel Thornton, who afterwards engaged, won the field with great advantages.

A few days ago, while ſome gentlemen were hunting, the dogs ſtarted two covies of partridges, which flying in oppoſite directions, met with ſuch force that five of them fell to the ground, two of which were quite dead.

GAME LAWS.

On the 3d ult. in Eſſex, Hugh Hills was committed by the Rev. Henry Bate Dudley, Clerk, for refuſing to pay ten pounds penalty, for having in his poſſeſſion two hares, he not being qualified by the laws of the realm ſo to do.

SIN-

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.

On Tuesday the 27th of September, a carrier pigeon flew into a chamber window, at the Ship Inn, Colchester, and rested on the bed, from whence he was with difficulty removed. He had a card fixed to his tail, with this inscription:

"40 all well Monday morning."

November 7th.

A stay-maker of Islington, for a considerable wager, run and walked on the road at Balls Pond, fifty miles in nine hours. He performed it with apparent ease, and had a quarter of an hour to spare.

A fracas has taken place between a great city magistrate and a late city officer. The dispute arose at cards: the parties cut, clubs were trumps, and a knock down game ensued, in which the magistrate's eyes were put in mourning for the loss of victory.

A few days since a very ludicrous affair occurred in Cheapside; As Colonel S———, of the Dragoon Guards, was driving his curricle along Ludgate Street, one of his horses became restive, for some minutes stopped the way, and endangered a private carriage which followed, by backing towards it. He, however, got on to Cheapside, when the animal again became unruly, and, unluckily for the Colonel, entangled the wheel of his carriage with that of the coach, with which he had before encountered. On this, a man in the coach (who proves to be an attorney of the neighbourhood of Soho, but who was dressed in female garments) discharged a torrent of the most scurrilous invectives on this military phaeton, and taking his whip, broke it and threw it in his face; then seizing him by the collar, tore his shirt and neckcloth, when the charitable interference of the mob rescued the fallen hero from the grasp of the hyæna. *Qui tam* threatens to prosecute for slander, and the Colonel for an assault, and each are busy renewing this extraordinary contest in Westminster-hall!

SPORTING MALEVOLENCE.

A very few days since two juvenile *unfledged* sportsmen (belonging to a certain SUBSCRIPTION pack), who are in the constant habit of vociferating "hold hard," from the unlucky circumstance of being *always behind*, visited most of the offices of the diurnal prints, with *pecuniary* corruption in *one hand*, and a *calumnious* paragraph in the other; when, to the eternal honour of the reformed press, and the INTEGRITY of the PROPRIETORS, be the truth promulgated, *only one* could be found, and that of inferior note, who would become the *instrument* of *prostitution*. Those gentlemen who have so recently sported their *scarlet coats* and *velvet dashers*, should pay some attention to the *weight* of *hunting thongs* and ELASTIC arms. Sportsmen of *experience* are known never to *give offence*, or to *receive* it with *impunity*; and it is equally known, that in every well disciplined pack, the *babbling puppies* are "harked back!" to obedience and *correction*.

A certain *corpulent* baronet, remarkable for his *somniferous* propensities, has *awakened* himself to a *very sorry* purpose; although remarkable some time since, for making *lucky matches* at Newmarket (when in a state of inebriety) for his horses, he has at last made an *unfortunate* match for himself. Not content with winning 40,000l. in *one* evening at "seven's the main," he in the most COURTLY manner

"*kicked*

"*kicked down*" EIGHTY the following evening; and his villa, with all its appendages, are now under the faſcinating flouriſh of a celebrated auctioneer's hammer.

The ſervants of a reſpectable coffee-houſe, near Covent Garden, formed themſelves into a ſociety, ſome time ago, for the purchaſe of tickets in the preſent Iriſh lottery: on Monday evening, November 21, a letter came from the office, informing them that one of their tickets was drawn a capital prize. The moment the news arrived, each of them addreſſed their maſter with, "Pleaſe, Sir, to provide yourſelf with another ſervant."—The cook was determined to take an a-la-mode beef ſhop; the waiters were for public-houſes; the kitchen maids ſaid a green-ſhop was a deviliſh good thing; and the porter ſaid as how he'd buy a Hackney coach and a pair of horſes: early next morning they aroſe from bed—ſleep they had none—and proceeded in a body to the lottery-office, to receive their golden ſtore; when, upon examining the books, the clerk had made a trifling miſtake in one figure, and lo! their number was drawn a blank!

DREADFUL ACCIDENTS FROM MAD DOGS.

November 1ſt.

On Tueſday laſt a mad dog was killed in Kelvedon Street, Ipſwich, but not till the animal had bitten a number of dogs, hogs, &c. was of the pointer breed and liver coloured. He pulled a boy down in the ſtreet, but providentially did not bite through his cloaths, ſo as to cauſe any wound. The next day a dark brindle coloured terrier dog, with a braſs collar about his neck, upon which is engraved S. Clay, Colcheſter, was killed at the ſame place, after having been purſued from Mr. Blackbone's farm at Rivenhall, where he bit a fine ſow and ſeveral pigs, and many dogs, before he could be come up with and killed.

Some days ago a nurſery-maid walking along Portland Place, one of her little innocents, a very beautiful girl, put her head between the rails of an area to "bow wow!" at a large dog, looſe in the yard, when the ſavage animal immediately ſprung at the helpleſs infant, and tore the noſe from its face.

What aggravates this bitter miſfortune is, that the dog was ſuſpected of madneſs. The owner, however, inſtantly ordered it to be put to death.

The following ſingular accident lately happened near Hawkchurch, Dorſet: in conſequence of ſeveral dogs having lately run away mad, the people were full of apprehenſions of the miſchief they might do; and a labouring man, of the name of Bridle, being on his way home from an inn where he got himſelf intoxicated, fell down aſleep by the ſide of the road, after it was dark; one of his neighbours happening to come by, heard him ſnore, and it ſtruck him directly that it muſt be a mad dog growling. He immediately alarmed the neighbours, who, armed with guns and pitchforks, came round the ſuppoſed dog; but fearful of advancing further for fear of being bit, one of them fired off his gun, and the whole contents were lodged in the poor man's ſide and arm. Proper means have ſince been taken, and the man is in a fair way of recovery.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

NANCY DEAR,

Written, composed and sung by Mr. DIBDIN, *in his New Entertainment called*

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

WHY should the sailor take a wife,
Since he was born to roam,
And lead at sea a wand'ring life,
Far from his friends and home?
When fate comes riding in the gale,
And dreadful hurricanes assail
The tar's astonish'd ear,
How could he resolution form,
How, whistling, mock the roaring storm,
But for his Nancy dear?

For battle should the ship be clear'd,
As death when all is still,
Save from some tar a murmuring's heard,
Who sighs and makes his will:
"My watch, my 'bacco pouch I give
"To Tom for her, should I not live,
"To my fond heart so near;"
Nor could he smile, the fight grown hot,
And, whistling, mock the flying shot,
But for his Nancy dear.

When hissing flames now reach the sky,
Now in the ocean dip,
And, as to climb the shrouds they fly,
Grasp the devoted ship;
How, while a yawning watery grave,
Sole chance from fire the crew to save,
Threats, could he calm appear;
How quit the vessel scarce afloat,
How, whistling, board the crowded boat,
But for his Nancy dear?

When shipwreck'd many leagues from home,
The remnant of the crew
Bewail some Dick, or Jack, or Tom,
Who well they lov'd and knew;
And while by strangers kindly fed,
Who, as they hear the story, spread
Their hospitable cheer,
How could he on such mis'ry think,
Yet, whistling, put about the drink,
But for his Nancy dear?

And last, when hungry, faint, and sore,
Through danger and delay,
Forc'd (hard extreme!) from door to door
To beg his vagrant way;
But now his toils are all forgot,
Hark, hark, within her humble cot,
In accents sweet and clear,
She sings the subject of her pain,—
He, whistling, echo's back the strain
He taught his Nancy dear.

LINES.

THOU cur! whose ceaseless yelping cries
Th' innoxious traveller assail;
But if the grinning wolf arise,
Turn'st with convenient speed thy tail.

Darest thou at *me* to howl and bark?
Long may'st thou howl and bark in vain;
I unappall'd thy malice mark,
For I am arm'd—*to bite again!*

Like mastiff fierce, or swifter hound,
With ear erect I trace my prey;
No depth of snows, no craggy mound
One moment checks my fearless way.

Then if, while prowling far and near,
Some *bone* allure thy *hungry* sense,
Ware! ware!—to such as *thee* severe,
Sharp horns I bear for just defence!

I, like Archilochus, in rage,
Can bid the keen iambics flow;
Like Hipponax, I war can wage,
In verse a wild and deadly foe!

'Gainst *me*, when spite and dullness join'd
Their weak, tho' venom'd, teeth employ;
Say, shall I harmless sit resign'd,
An unreveng'd and weeping *boy*?

THE SIEGE OF TROY,
A SONG.

I SING of a siege that has made greater noise,
Than the sturdy old rock of Gibraltar, my boys,
And where the Greek dons higher honor did gain,
Than was lost by the blustering dons of proud Spain.
When young Helen, the wife of the monarch of Sparta,
Who always contended for love's magna charta,
To keep up the gig which her head ran upon,
Was resolv'd to indulge in a little crim. con.

As the dame chose with Paris to take her full swing,
Her lover and she hopp'd the twig and took wing;
And they landed at Troy, where they soon got at odds
With the gods and the Greeks, and the Greeks and the gods!
So for war they prepar'd, and to loggerheads fell,
And they cut and they slash'd one another, pell mell,
While the deities all took their leave of the sky,
Each resolving a finger to have in the pye.

Though Juno had got the best end of the staff,
Venus took up the cudgels in beauty's behalf;
While Mars look'd as bluff as Bellona look'd blue,
And their godships were all in a strange hub-bub-boo!
But Pallas, who sprung out of Jupiter's knob,
In her cunning contriv'd an unmerciful job;
For she whipp'd into Diomed's dudds in a trice,
And kill'd Trojans as fast as a cat can kill mice.

Achilles too, back'd by his myrmidons all,
Gave swaggering Hector a whack of a fall;
And then round the ramparts his carcase did trail,
Like a dog with a cannister tied to his tail!
While Ulysses, so crafty at cutting of throats,
Stuff'd a horse full of men as you'd stuff him with oats;
For his inside, although he'd an outside of wood,
Held a hundred fine fellows of stout flesh and blood.
But at night the grim devils got out of their hole,
And down in the street by a ladder they stole,
Arm'd with brimstone, and matches, and torches, and tinder,
Resolving to burn every soul to a cinder!
Old Priam, the king, then jump'd out of his bed,
While the queen, in a fright, clapp'd a clout on her head;
And, instead of a robe, in an old blanket clad,
Ran about and cried FIRE as if she was mad.

But Æneas, who 'scap'd with his sire and his son,
Like an Irishman, full of his frolic and fun,
While the house was in flames, cry'd the comical codger,
" Sure 'tis nothing to me, for I am but a lodger:"
And for Helen, she manag'd the matter so well,
That her spouse hid his horns, like a snail in the shell;
For a phœnix in beauty, she still rul'd the roast,
And without being burnt, she was always a toast!

THE BUCKLE-MAKER AND THE MODERN BEAU.

A Poetical Story, partly founded on a recent Fact.

JACK CHAPE, who of Birmingham once was the boast,
And so well could his implements handle,
That Mulciber never could more rule the roast,
Nor a cyclops to him hold a candle;
One day, with arms folded, sat listlesly down,
Trade and tools both alike at a stand,
And while shrugging his shoulders, and scratching his crown,
He perceiv'd a pert coxcomb at hand;
Who, disclaiming that manly appendage to dress
Which once ev'ry instep adorn'd,
In shoes, deck'd with ribbands, to manhood's disgrace,
Flash'd a foot which at decency spurn'd:

As

As on that very ſpot, where his foreſather's toil,
Reap'd the plumage which feather'd his neſt,
Forge and file to ſupport did his feelings recoil,
An unnatural monſter confeſt!

While he, who the buckle's gay faſhion had form'd,
In pattern, in ſize, and in ſhape,
And ſo oft' with improvements its wearers had charm'd,
That no artiſt could cope with Jack Chape,

Caſt a look that ſpoke volumes of ſilent reproach,
At the long-quarter'd hoofs of the fop,
'Till as nearer the knot-knitter made his approach,
With a voice rough and ſtern, he cry'd "Stop!"

"Stop! for what?" cry'd the thing, for a thing 'twas, I ween,
Whoſe gender 'twas doubtful to hit on;
As his ſex, male and female ſeem'd half-way between,
The hermaphrodite ſhade of a Briton!

"Stop! for what?" he ſqueak'd out,—"Why, I'll tell you," quoth Jack,
"Tit for tat is fair play, you'll agree,
"Therefore, *I* have a right to ſtop *you*, for "alack!
"You have long made a point to *ſtop* ME.

"My labours you've ſtopt, put a ſtop to "my bread,
"Stopt ſupport from my children and "wife,
"Stopt the means that preſerve my houſe "over my head,
"And would fain put a ſtop to my life!

"If you doubt what I ſay, on your paſ-"terns look down,
"And the looſe flaunting ſhoe-ſtring "ſurvey;
"Then to ſtop the diſtreſs of a half-ſtarving "town,
"Let your tribe ſpurn the ſpoiler away!

"A ſpoiler, which long has laid waſte the "fair field,
"Where your anceſtors flouriſh'd for "years;
"Nor to Birmingham's griefs let your bo-"ſom be ſteel'd,
"While Coventry laughs at her tears!

"Elſe to Coventry hie, thither take your "abode,
"Where ſuch Gothamite gew-gaws are "rife;
"And be he who your progreſs impedes "on the road
"Sent to Coventry with you for life!

"'Tis the mark of the beaſt! 'tis the frib-"ble's foul brand,
"Who deſerves to be badg'd with a "ſtring;
"And for thoſe who ſuch badges would "ſpread through the land,
"Heaven grant they may have their "FULL SWING!"

But in vain did poor Jack, with a TONGUE *ſharp and rough,*
Thus his plea for the BUCKLE *purſue;*
As there wanted a STRAP *on the blockhead's ſleek buff,*
His SHOE-STRAPS *to make* BUCKLE-TO!

BRUSH.

THE LADLE,

A SONG.

Tune—"The Black Joke."

PARAPHRASED FROM PRIOR.

OLD ſceptics affirm that we're left to ourſelves,
To ſhuffle and cut like a race of blind elves,
The play-things of fate and the ſports of the wind;
To ſtand or to walk, or to riſe or to fall,
As chance ſpins about our whirligig ball;
Ever toſſing, tumbling, rolling, rumbling,
Shifting, turning, frolicking, mourning,
As paſſion prevails, or as intereſt binds.

But the folks of this age, who can ſee with both eyes,
Such tenets explode, and ſuch notions deſ-piſe,
Calling gods overſeers of the rich and the poor:
This theſis to prove, Jove and Hermes one night,
From the realms of Olympus reſolv'd to take flight;
And darting, ſkimming, through the air ſwimming,
At laſt alighted, O, but how plighted?
Why wet to the ſkin at a cottager's door.

This honeſt old peaſant, he had an old wife,
The joy of his heart and the prop of his life,
And ſhe heard a wonderful noiſe at the gate;
"Why, Derby," ſays Joan, "ſince we firſt "threw the ſtocking,
"I'm ſure that I never knew half ſo much "knocking;
"For they're whooping, calling, hollow-"ing, bawling,
"Thumping, clattering, bouncing, bat-"tering,
"What can their buſineſs be here, and ſo "late?"

Jove

Jove heard the debate, and their fears to allay,
Loud cried, "We are ftrangers, and out of "our way,
"And fhelter we beg from the wet and "the cold."
This touch'd their old hearts, and they rofe up together,
Saying, "Lord, who could fhut out a dog "in fuch weather,
"For 'tis freezing, fnowing, bluft'ring, "blowing,
"Blighting, mizzling, fleeting, drizzling,
"And who can tell where thefe poor "wretches have ftroll'd."

No fooner their godfhips were got within doors,
But Derby he rummag'd his cheer-upping ftores,
And gave them the beft his poor cot could afford;
They drank, and they chatted, till cloth was on table,
Then quickly fell to, and eat while they were able;
And fome time after liquor and laughter,
Chattering, joking, finging, and fmoking,
They both went to bed, each as drunk as a lord.

When blufhing Aurora her gates had unbarr'd,
Jove fent the old couple by Hermes a card,
Acquainting them who they'd got under their roof;
And, for courtefies done, if they'd form wifhes three,
Thofe wifhes fulfill'd in an inftant fhould be,
Were it wifdom, or health, or power, or wealth,
Or this thing, or that, it was no matter what,
They were ready to put their propofals in proof.

"Your godfhips be prais'd," fays old Joan, "'tis my wifh
"To have a new Ladle to yon filver difh."
"Odd rot it!" fays Derby, "why Joan "you're ftark mad!
"Concerns of importance you turn to a "farce,
"I wifh that the Ladle was ftuck in your "——,
"You drivelling, doating, tottering, gloat-"ing,
"Mumbling, grumbling, fidgeting, fum-"bling,
"Fufty old fool, you deferve it, by "Gad."

The Ladle appear'd, and don't think it a hum,
It quickly whipp'd into the old woman's "b——,
Which made her writhe, wriggle, and grunt with the pain:
Old Derby, perceiving his yoke-fellow's plight,
Was almoft as bad as herfelf with the fright,
And, two wifhes lofing, there was no choofing
What one the third fhould be, as the laft of the three,
Went but to wifh out the Ladle again.

Then let us conclude with the moral from Prior,
That none are fo high but they wifh to be higher,
Still aiming at fomething as yet unpoffefs'd;
And yet, if that fomething they could but obtain,
'Tis odds but 'twould bring 'em lefs pleafure than pain;
For, from the cradle, 'tis all a Ladle!
And e'en to the coffin we all move off in,
Life is but a wifh, and that wifh is a jeft!

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO A ROSE.

SWEET flow'r, that fcents the blufhing morn,
Which nature's gayeft tints adorn,
I hail thy op'ning bloom;
And as I view thy fragrant cells,
Where the buzzing fpoiler dwells,
I mark thy envy'd doom.

For plac'd upon Eliza's breaft,
That feat of innocence and reft,
Torn from thy parent tree,
I fee that grace, that world of charms,
Secure from all furrounding harms,
Much happier deftiny.

Revive, fweet flow'r, thy tender head,
And all thy richeft fragrance fhed,
My fair one fmiles on thee;
And when by chance her trembling heart,
Tumultuous, throbs thro' ev'ry part,
Infufe a thought of *me*.

EPIGRAM.

PLUS MINUS.

A Dutchman's breeches, in full tafte,
Two oppofite extremes divide,
Buttons, like platters, at the waift,
And ftuds, like peas, along the fide.

Each fize prefents, in emblem true,
A genuine Dutchman's conftant trim,
The *large* marks what he'd get by you—
The *little* what you'd get by him.